

# The Daily Mirror

No. 374.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

## SCENES AT THE MILE END ELECTION YESTERDAY.



Mr. B. S. Straus, the Liberal candidate, about to start in a motor-car on his last run round the constituency yesterday afternoon, accompanied by Mrs. Straus. On both sides workers were early astir fetching electors to the polling stations in motor-cars and numerous other vehicles, and both candidates, with their wives, were busy among their respective supporters.—(Copyright: *Daily Mirror*.)

### TYPICAL ELECTION SCENE.



The crowd outside Mr. Straus's headquarters in Mile End during yesterday's dinner hour waiting to cheer the Liberal candidate.—(Copyright: *Daily Mirror*.)

### THE CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE.



Mr. Harry Lawson, the Conservative candidate, who received many promises of support and was confident of success yesterday afternoon.—(Eccles.)







## MR. LAWSON, M.P. FOR MILE END.

The Conservative Candidate  
Carries the Day After a  
Hard Fight.

## VICTOR INTERVIEWED

Remarkable Scene on the Declara-  
tion of the Poll.

### RESULT.

Mr. H. L. W. LAWSON (C) ...	2,136
Mr. B. S. STRAUS (L) .....	2,060
Majority .....	76

"A great triumph for the Prime Minister, the Government, and the supporters of the Aliens Bill," is the comment of Mile End's new Conservative M.P. upon the result of last night's election.

The result of the poll, declared shortly after ten o'clock last night at the Public Library, Bancroft-road, aroused extraordinary scenes of enthusiasm.

"Lawson's in!" shouted a gentleman, as he rushed from the library, and instantaneously a great roar of tumultuous cheering went up from the assembled thousands.

People madly waved their hats, strangers shook hands with strangers. Others literally danced for joy.

"What price the aliens now?" shouted a working man in triumph, and once again the cheering was renewed with intensified vigour. The Liberals slipped off to bed.

At the Conservative clubs in London and the provinces the announcement of the figures caused intense satisfaction.

Mile End Conservatives were jubilant until the small hours of this morning.

The figures of recent contests have been:

1885.	1892.	1898.
Mr. S. Harrington (C) 2,091	Mr. Harrington (C) 2,264	Mr. Harrington (C) 2,440
Mr. Hart (L) 1,442	Mr. J. Haysman (L) 1,931	Mr. G. Clarke (L) 1,280
Mr. Ayrton (L) 420		
Con. maj. (aggregate) 229	Con. maj. 273	Conservative majority 1,160
1888.	1895.	
Mr. Harrington (C) 2,110	Mr. Harrington (C) 3,383	
Mr. White (L) 1,261	Mr. J. Haysman (L) 1,516	
Con. maj. 829	Con. maj. 907	

## MR. LAWSON'S OPINION.

A Great Triumph for Supporters of the  
Aliens Bill.

Flushed with victory, and loudly elated with the result, Mr. Lawson, interviewed by the *Daily Mirror*, said:—"I regard it as a great triumph for the Prime Minister and the Government generally."

"It is also a great triumph for the supporters of the Aliens Bill."

"I have," said Mr. Lawson, with a smile, "been greatly helped by the venomous attacks upon me in the Radical Press, and I should be glad if you would thank them for their assistance."

### LIKE A FAIR.

Mile End Makes Holiday for the Most  
Exciting Election It Has Seen.

Never, perhaps, has a by-election caused such intense excitement.

From the cold, grey hours of yesterday morning until the poll closed last night Mile End was a centre of bustle, activity, enthusiasm, and excitement.

Mr. Straus, who affected an eye-glass and wore a mammoth orange rosette, was carried round and round the constituency in a magnificent yellow-bodied motor-car.

Like his opponent, Mr. Lawson was round with the milkman, driving a carriage gaily bedecked with the blue colours of the Conservative Party, and looking radiantly happy.

Gaily-decked motor-cars, tandems, broughams,

and every type of vehicle down to the humblest cart were at the disposal of the voters.

That the friends of both parties did their best to win the seat the following lists of names of those who lent motors and broughams will show:

Mr. LAWSON:	Mr. STRAUS:
Lord Burnham.	The Marquis of Ripon.
Lord Vivian.	Mr. R. K. Causton, M.P.
Lady Donegal.	Mr. Fletcher Moulton, M.P.
Lady Jeune.	Mr. A. W. Staines, M.P.
Baroness de Worms.	Mr. Stuart Samuel, M.P.
Marchioness of Tweeddale.	Ald. Dickinson.
Hon. R. Guinness.	Mr. D. Waterlow.
Sir Hy. Samuel, M.P.	Mr. H. S. Leon.
Col. Froxy.	Mr. T. Howell Williams.
Mr. S. Harrington.	Ald. Idrie.
Mrs. H. MacCallmont.	Mr. C. G. Clarke.
Mr. E. Maan.	Mr. S. Collins.
Mr. J. Grenless.	Mr. Joseph Benson.
Capt. Duffield.	Mr. C. S. Henry.
Mr. S. H. Blyth.	Mr. John Fell.
Mr. A. du Cros.	Mr. G. D. Faber.
Mr. C. S. Toler.	Mr. H. W. Glanville.
Capt. J. S. Levy.	Mrs. Morgan Lloyd.
Major Gastrell.	Mr. J. Seligman.
Messrs. Goetz.	
Mr. N. Cohen.	
Mr. A. T. Williams.	
Mr. Crighton.	

Singularly enough, no messages were received from the Parliamentary leaders, but scores of telegrams from political friends wishing the candidates success were received both by Mr. Lawson and Mr. Straus.

"Free-loaders in Mr. Chamberlain's constituency wish you success," wired one of Mr. Straus's anonymous Birmingham friends.

### ALIENS FOR MR. STRAUS.

All the aliens were apparently backing Mr. Straus, and one was confidently offering six to four on the Radical candidate.

"Ve shall vin," was the alien catch-phrase throughout the day.

Indeed, many aliens were carrying Mr. Straus's boards around the streets.

Towards night the streets became densely crowded, and the candidates were heartily cheered as they drove up to their committee-rooms.

Hundreds of workmen absented themselves from work yesterday, and Thursday being early closing day the streets bore the appearance of a popular Bank Holiday.

### UBIQUITOUS VOTERS.

It was whispered that a number of seamen who were at sea on Wednesday, and not expected to return till next week, mysteriously recorded their votes.

One man who had been struck off the register at "dead" turned up at the polling station. He admitted, however, that he was not the dead man.

It was estimated that there was a worker for every six of the electors last evening.

The Marquis of Ripon's huge motor-car, affording accommodation for twenty persons, caused a sensation in its passage through the crowded thoroughfares.

Several Radicals are said to have gone to the poll in Conservative vehicles.

One elector went about with a card on his back setting forth the claims of Mr. Lawson.

Shouting and cheering crowds in the Whitechapel-road alarmed a horse attached to a van, and a furniture shop was damaged.

## WORLD'S COMMERCE.

Extraordinary Decline of Exports from the  
United States.

Nothing is more remarkable in the Board of Trade returns, issued yesterday, with regard to the commerce "of certain foreign countries and British possessions," than the fact that trade in the United States appears to be at a standstill, if it has not actually declined.

Below is given a table showing the total exports and imports in pounds sterling for the eleven months ended November 30, in four countries:—

	IMPORTS.		EXPORTS.	
	1903	1904	1903	1904
	£	£	£	£
Belgium...	92,100,000	95,531,000	71,215,000	73,581,000
France...	172,664,000	162,870,000	153,103,000	159,328,000
United States...	194,108,000	185,697,000	297,405,000	267,971,000
U.K. Kingdom...	226,967,000	224,642,000	226,278,000	227,746,000

From these figures it will be seen that American exports actually suffered a decrease of over half a million sterling, while their imports show an increase of four and a half millions. These figures are the more remarkable when we remember that in 1903 America's exports exceeded the exports for the preceding year by over twenty millions.

At first sight Great Britain, with an increase in exports of £5,468,000, appears to be enjoying a new period of prosperity, but it should be noted that these figures include a certain amount of "nationalised" goods, i.e., goods originally imported for consumption but subsequently re-exported.

Canadian returns are only given for the ten months ended November, 1904, and these are not cheerful reading. They show a decrease against 1903 of £4,433,000 as regards exports, and a decrease of £430,000 in imports.

Nine months only of Germany's trade are given, but these show an increase of over three million pounds in exports and an increase of seven and a half millions in imports.

## JAPAN'S GREAT HAUL.

List of Forts, Ships, Guns, and Other  
Booty Taken at Port Arthur.

### FIFTY-NINE FORTS.

The following telegram, dated Tokio, January 12, has been received at the Japanese Legation:—

To-day (Thursday) General Nogi reports that the delivery of forts, etc., has been completed, the principal items of which are as follows:

Permanent forts, 59.  
Guns, 546; large calibre 54, medium calibre 149, small calibre 343.  
Cannon balls, 82,670.  
Ammunition, 30,000 kilograms.  
Rifles, 35,252.  
Horses, 1,920.  
Battleships, 4, except the Sevastopol, which entirely sunk.  
Cruisers, 2.  
Gunboats and destroyers, 14.  
Steamers, etc., 10, besides 35 small steamers, which are usable after a little repairs.

### KUROPATKIN BLAMED.

Rumours of the probable recall of General Kuropatkin are prevalent in St. Petersburg.

It is an open secret that both the Court and the military authorities are greatly dissatisfied with the inaction he has maintained throughout the winter.

It is even stated that he will be at once replaced in the command by General Sukhomlinoff, now in command of the Kieff Army Corps.

The report that General Kuropatkin's effective army only numbers 200,000 has caused something like a panic in St. Petersburg.

General Heisaman is, according to a St. Petersburg correspondent, of the opinion that the Japanese will shortly begin an offensive movement in Manchuria.

### BALTIC FLEET.

The third division of the Baltic Fleet has safely passed through the Canal, and is now at Suva.

On the day after the capitulation of Port Arthur orders were sent to the Baltic Fleet to return.

The Admiral pointed out that his return would leave the hands of the Japanese free. The Tsar then decided to submit the question to the Admiralty Council, which is to give its decision immediately.

The Admiralty refuses to believe in the presence of Japanese cruisers in the neighbourhood of Madagascar.

## BURIED WITH HIS PEERS.

Signor Crispi's Body Exhumed and Laid by  
the Side of Past Famous Sicilians.

PALERMO, Thursday.—The body of the late Signor Crispi was exhumed to-day in the presence of the Count of Turin, representing the King of Italy, and the German Consul at Naples, representing the German Emperor. Several members of Parliament were also present.

A procession was formed, composed of political associations, veterans, and representatives of numerous bodies, and the coffin was conveyed through dense crowds to the church of San Domenico, where it was finally laid to rest by the side of other famous Sicilians.

All bared their heads as the body passed, and flowers were flung from the windows along the route.—Reuter.

### WILL IT BE SHAMROCK IV.?

Sir Thomas Lipton still intends to challenge for the America Cup.

He is now in Glasgow consulting with Messrs. Denny Brothers, the yacht designers and experts, and the challenge will depend on the result of the interview. It is probable that with Mr. Willie Fife, Mr. Ward and a leading Clyde amateur may collaborate in a design.

### A TERRIBLE TORPEDO.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—Mr. Nikola Tesla announces that he has invented a teleautomatic torpedo which can be directed with unerring precision from a distance much greater than the range of the largest gun, while an enemy will not be able to interfere with its movements by any electrical means.—Laffan.

Sir James Blyth has presented a life-sized bust of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes to the Herts Chamber of Agriculture in honour of his birthplace, Bishop's Stortford.

## TO SAVE LONDON.

Regenerated Metropolis the Aim  
and Hope of the Torrey-  
Alexander Mission.

### FAST ORGANISATION.

Nothing Like It Since the Visit of Moody  
and Sankey a Generation Ago.

Everybody everywhere is talking about the Torrey-Alexander mission that opens at the Albert Hall on February 4, after working revival wonders in Liverpool and other large provincial towns.

It is the great coming event; greater, far greater, than the indefinite general election. For once in a life-time the religious outlook betitles the political.

Not since Moody and Sankey made tens of thousands of converts in England a generation ago has an organisation like this mission—which also hails from America—been at work in the country.

Preliminary arrangements on a vast scale are now well advanced under the direction of the London Evangelistic Council. Nothing will be left to chance.

Two meetings a day, spread over two months, in a hall that holds comfortably 10,000 people, is a tremendous undertaking even in the metropolis. It is for this reason that a perfect system of door-to-door canvass within a radius of three miles has been instituted.

Yesterday a quarter of a million little invitation tickets were delivered at headquarters. These will be left in every house within the prescribed district by the canvassing brigade of volunteers. The simple legend thereon runs:—

Great London Mission. Torrey and  
Alexander. Royal Albert Hall.  
Saturday, February 4th, at 7.30 p.m.  
Daily at 8.30 and 9.0. Sundays at 7.30.  
Choir of 1,000 voices.

### A MIGHTY CHORAL UNION.

As to the choir, it will be 1,000 voices strong at each meeting, there being altogether 3,000 members on the choir roll. All singers are welcomed, without any catechising as to their religious convictions.

"Once in the choir," said a member yesterday, "they will be very near Grace indeed. The man or woman who can lead in the Glory Song night after night without being moved to salvation must be beyond redemption."

Here are some figures that give an idea of the far-reaching scope of the preparations:—

Invitation tickets .....	350,000
Hymn-books .....	100,000
Forms for soul-to-be chorists .....	10,000
Prayer cards, giving daily subjects .....	350,000
Tract biographies of evangelists .....	250,000
Steward's badges .....	600
Workers' badges .....	800

Subscriptions are invited towards the cost of the campaign—estimated at £17,000—by means of two printed forms which read:—"The following will contribute the sum of £10," and "The following will contribute the sum of 5s." No higher and no lower limit is specified, though doubtless the lowest donation, and likewise the highest, would meet with a thankful reception.

### THE FLOWING TIDE.

"The tide is coming in. The water of life is flowing." So said Commissioner Nicol of the Salvation Army, to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, alluding to the great expectations entertained regarding the Torrey-Alexander mission.

An official at the headquarters of the mission in Exeter Hall used another equally graphic simile. He said: "We are beginning at the top—among the well-to-do in the West End. Soon the eleven will permeate the whole lump of London life."

The rich man is as anxious as the poor man to enter the Kingdom, though he must always find it harder. Hence the story of the camel and the eye of the needle. Dr. Torrey is himself the son of wealthy parents, and studied for the Bar at Yale University.

"It will be heaven on earth for everybody—a sort of millennium when the fashion of religion becomes a whole-hearted earthly east and west of Temple Bar. It will be good to be alive then."

"There are prosperous business men in London, to-day," said another member of the Torrey-Alexander council, "who are afraid of the coming revival. They are living in the fear of life!"

They hope to escape the influence of the Spirit, saying they cannot afford to be saved. Depend upon it many such will come to the penitent form."

See illustrations on page 8 and character-sketch of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander on page 11.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—  
Westerly breezes; cold and fair at first; then dull or foggy, less settled and milder.  
Lighting-up time, 5.12 p.m.  
Sea passages will be moderate to smooth.



## "DAILY MIRROR" SLAVE AT WORK.

Frederick Lucas Made To Spend  
a Night in a West Ham

Doss-house.

## TALKS TO CANDIDATES.

Asks Mr. Lawson and Mr. Straus, "Why  
Am I a Slave?"

The "Daily Mirror's" slave, whose name is Frederick Lucas, a poor West Ham man, in despair at not being able to get work, came and sold himself to us for £2, is still at the disposal of our readers, from whom we invite suggestions as to his employment. So far the only offer of employment we have received for him is one from the Church Army, who are willing to have him act as a canvasser for magazines and books. At this it is estimated by the officials of the army he would be able to earn from 2s. 6d. to 3s. per day.

Something better than this may, however, yet come for Frederick Lucas, who meanwhile is being fed and clothed by us and obeying our behest.

Directly he was bought he received the following instruction: "Go to a West Ham common lodging-house, sleep there, and tell the readers of the 'Daily Mirror' what happened to you among some of the most miserable men in West Ham."

Lucas went and this is in effect what he told to us of the night that he spent at a "doss-house" in Victoria Dock-road:—

I, Frederick Lucas, once a working man, but now a slave, went and knocked at the door of the "doss-house," which I was told was one of the cheapest in West Ham.

No "Threepennies" Left.

"We haven't got any 'threepennies' left," said the manager, when I said I wanted a night's lodging, "nor any 'fourpennies,'" he went on, "but you can have a 'sixpenny,' if you like."

In I went—into a big kitchen with a large, blazing fire. There were fifty men sitting round the kitchen, and one or two of them looked me up and down, but they didn't know I was a slave, because I looked very much the same as most of them.

One of the first things I saw in the kitchen was a notice:—"In consequence of the distress, fourpenny beds will be let for threepence, until further notice."

I went towards the fire, and a man there, who was frying something that looked like cats'-meat, turned round and stared at me as if I was a wild beast, not a slave. I think he was afraid I had come after his meat.

Disappointed to Lose a Fight.

A man came and sat down by the side of me and said: "I'm cold, and I'm hungry too. Them aliens is driving everything in front of them, and us chaps can't get anything. There's an election up in Mile End, ain't there?"

I got talking to that man, but our conversation was interrupted by a loud noise at the other end of the room. Two men were shouting at one another, and were just going to fight when the manager came in and stopped them. Everybody had jumped up, and they were much disappointed when the fight was stopped.

One by one the men went to bed, and I went to my room, where there were only four beds instead of thirty, because I had paid sixpence instead of threepence.

There was one man already there. I saw his hair and whiskers sticking out from the bedclothes. He had got his clothes under his pillow. I know that because I could not see them anywhere else. So I took his tip, and put mine under my pillow. Then two other men came in, and then all three of them snored very loudly.

We were woke up at five o'clock by the "free call," that goes "Hi! Hi! Hi!"

The Candidate's Answers.

When Lucas came back from his night's adventures he received another order. "Go to Mile End, and ask Mr. Lawson and Mr. Straus why you are a slave."

This is what Mr. Lawson told our slave:—"Trade has been so bad—that has a great deal to do with it. But your position has been very much accentuated by the influx of aliens."

Mr. Straus said:—"I will tell you, you cannot get work. It is because the nation has no confidence in a Government which has thrown away £270,000,000 in South Africa. People will not lay out their money with such a Government in power, and that is exactly why it is clerks and people like you cannot get work."

"Don't you think, sir, that the aliens have something to do with it?" our slave suggested.

"Not a bit of it. Nobody but a fool believes that," was the retort.

"But haven't aliens supplanted some British workmen?" our slave persisted.

"Nothing of the sort. What trades have they supplanted? None at all. Aliens are all employed

in the cheap tailoring and shoe trades which were unknown before foreigners came here. Another thing, the unrest in the country through the fiscal question has something to do with the slackness of trade."

Lucas has received five shillings from a kind correspondent, who signs himself "Well-Wisher," for which gift he is very grateful.

As, however, he is out property, and we are looking after him ourselves, we must ask kind friends not to send him any more money.

But we shall be very glad to know what ought to be done with him. We shall "manumit" or free him when he receives a suitable offer of permanent employment.

## MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

Business of the Nation Will Be Resumed on  
St. Valentine's Day.

Tuesday, February 14, was fixed by the King, at yesterday's Privy Council in Buckingham Palace, as the day on which Parliament will reopen.

In some quarters surprise was felt at the lateness of this date, which was taken to indicate the imminence of a general election and the consequent abandonment of any early or serious legislation.

The Government, however (says the Press Association), has no intention to hurry forward a dissolution, and it is pointed out that in 1903 Parliament did not reassemble till February 16, though there were special reasons for meeting earlier last year.

Mr. Balfour is not expected to be back in town again till after his address to his constituents on the 26th and 27th inst., and no Cabinet meeting is likely to be held before February.

It is officially denied that Mr. Deeley will have the support in the Ealing section of the local branches of the Tariff Reform League.

To many spectators a political omen was deduced from the fact that a fire, which broke out last night, at the Free Trade Wharf, Wapping, was put out by a single engine.

In reply to an inquiry regarding yesterday's report that he would not again contest East Manchester but stand for Cambridge University, Mr. Balfour telegraphed "No truth whatever in report."

## REVIVAL PROTEST.

Welsh Pastor Resigns Rather Than Countenance the Noisy Meetings.

As a protest against the noisy manner in which the Welsh revivalist meetings have been conducted the Rev. Daniel Jones, the pastor of the Methodist Chapel at Loughor, has resigned.

Loughor is the home of Mr. Evan Roberts, and it was in Mr. Daniel Jones's chapel that the revivalist leader commenced his mission.

Meetings have been held in the chapel ever since, and on several occasions there have been very noisy scenes.

Mr. Jones says that damage to the extent of £50 has been done to the chapel and its furniture, and that it is not fair to expect the church to pay this amount.

The pastor feels also that there are other evils attendant upon the movement.

## NOT HIS WIFE.

Pantomime Pit Tragedy Was Due to Man's  
Strange Mistake.

The saddest fact of all in the story of the death of Alfred Williams in the pit at the Rotunda Theatre—that the chorus girl he had taken for his wife was nothing to him—was confirmed yesterday at the inquest.

His ten-year-old son was deceived also by the remarkable resemblance, and said he thought it was his mother.

When, however, the wife from whom Williams had been separated so long, appeared in court and said she had never been on the stage in her life, no shadow of doubt of the mistake remained.

A verdict of Death from natural causes was returned.

## 2,000 MILES BY OMNIBUS.

Under the auspices of the Automobile Club a trial of the Straker motor-omnibus was commenced yesterday at eight o'clock.

The trial is a 2,000 miles reliability test, and will last for twenty days at 100 miles a day. The first journey is to Oxford and back.

The omnibus is constructed to carry twenty-eight passengers, and is fitted with solid tyres.

## NEW LONDON MAGISTRATE.

The Hon. John de Grey has been appointed a Metropolitan police-magistrate in the place of Mr. James Sheil, who resigned recently.

The new magistrate was born in 1849, and is a barrister of over thirty years' standing. He has been Recorder of King's Lynn since 1897.

Mr. de Grey is a son of the fifth Baron Walsingham, and heir-presumptive to the present peer.

## "GRENADES AND DYNAMITE."

Violent Agitator Whines His Regret  
for Strong Language.

## LENIENT SENTENCE.

The unemployed, with few exceptions, have as little sympathy for agitators of the type of Charles Davis as has any other section of the community.

Davis has achieved a measure of cheap notoriety from the vehemence and immoderate utterances with which he tried to stir the baser passions of a gathering of men who are sufferers in the prevailing distress. The only result of this violent language was his arrest.

"Combine, march to the West End, hold up the traffic, and take what you want," he is said to have shouted. He made disloyal references to the King, saying: "If the King doesn't come out and speak to you, strike off his crown." He wanted them to remove the King from the throne and set up a Republican Government.

His violent language did not meet with the approval of William Smith, the organiser of the meetings, and subsequently the crowd divided into hostile sections.

Smith gave evidence at Clerkenwell Police Court yesterday, and told of an interview with Davis prior to the meeting. "Your scheme won't do," Davis told him in a whisper. "You want force." When Smith told him that wouldn't do, Davis went on: "I have 3,000 men for you—Anarchists. Form your men in a body or meet in twos or fours. I have 1,000 men ready with grenades, pistols, and dynamite."

Davis, who told the magistrate he had no re-

## THE RUSSELL MEMORIAL.



The statue to the late Lord Russell of Kilowen, which the Lord Chancellor has just unveiled at the Royal Courts of Justice. The memorial, which is a fine specimen of Mr. Brock's art, has been placed in the north-east corner of the Central Hall. (Copyright: "Daily Mirror.")

collection of using the language attributed to him, was asked whether he had ever been in a lunatic asylum.

"No, but I have a bump on the side of my head which presses on my brain," he replied.

He was ordered to find substantial sureties for his future good behaviour, or go to prison for three months.

## BED AND BREAKFAST 4d.

General Booth yesterday opened a much-needed shelter for homeless men at Millbank, Westminster, at which bed and breakfast may be had on the easy terms of fourpence.

Mr. George Herring is the donor of £3,000, which covered the cost of fitting up the shelter.

The General paid a warm tribute to the co-operation of the *Daily Mirror*, "Daily Telegraph," "Evening News," and the "Daily Express," in relieving the distress during the past months.

## ABOLISHING THE "WAIT."

On and after to-night it will be possible to book a balcony seat at Drury-lane Theatre.

In the event of the new departure proving a success, further concessions to the public who "wait" will probably be made.

## ALL NIGHT IN THE RIGGING

Shipwrecked Crew Taken Half Dead  
from a Foundering Schooner.

The crew of the Volunteer, of Carnarvon, a 94-ton schooner, sailing from Dunkirk to Sligo, have been through a fearful experience.

Their vessel went ashore on the Goodwin Sands in the heavy sea of Wednesday night. She soon began to break up, and the four men on board took to the rigging.

There they clung, almost literally with teeth and toes, until the morning. The weather was bitterly cold, and the seas constantly washed over them.

During the greater part of the night of the men's long peril the Ramsgate harbour tug and the Broadstairs lifeboat were endeavouring to render assistance.

At half-past nine yesterday morning they succeeded, but only just in time. The crew were half dead, and not much except the rigging of the schooner was then above water.

## THE SONG OF REVENGE.

Hull Fishermen Hoping for the Annihilation  
of Rojstevsky.

A Russian ship came down the river,  
Blow, boys, blow.  
Now, what do you think the lads did with her?  
Blow, my bonny boys, blow.  
They pumped her full of red-hot shell,  
Blow, boys, blow.  
And sent the Russians plumb to Spain,  
Blow, my bonny boys, blow.

The above lines are a sample of the sailors' chanty which the Hull fishermen were singing yesterday as they hauled their ropes and warped their vessels alongside the quay.

Since the attack made on the trawlers by the Baltic Fleet the fishermen have eagerly followed the news in the papers regarding the movements of the Russians.

With keen delight the men read the report that the Russian and Japanese fleets were rapidly approaching each other, and were only a thousand miles apart.

Hull is not a healthy port for Russian sailors to visit at present. Brawny fishermen walk about the docks district armed with belaying pins and capstan bars. Several foreign seamen wearing bushy whiskers, dirty faces, and earrings have been seized and beaten by the trawlers' crews in mistake for Russians.

It is worthy of note that religious fishermen attending the services on board the mission steamers which cruise about the North Sea are deeply concerned over the revengeful spirit shown by their shipmates.

## BALL OF FIRE AT SEA.

Steamer's Ironwork Turned to Liquid Fire  
and the Crew Blinded.

The Belfast steamer Alice M. Craig, on arrival at Belfast, yesterday, reported a remarkable experience she had while on a voyage from Leith.

During the height of the storm on Wednesday night, half-way between the Mull of Cantyre and the Sound of Islay, the vessel was struck by a ball of fire, which blinded the crew for several minutes.

The ship presented an extraordinary appearance on being struck, nearly all the ironwork being covered with a film of liquid fire.

Subsequent examination showed that the ship had had a marvellous escape. The backstay of the mast had acted as a lightning conductor, with the result that no damage was done.

Captain Black says he cannot recollect any parallel case in these latitudes.

## POST OFFICE RAISES WAGES.

Six Thousand Indoor Men Will Obtain an  
Immediate Increase.

In reply to a deputation yesterday, Lord Stanley, the Postmaster-General, said that the minimum wage for indoor men was to be raised at once in the largest provincial towns. As the postmen were to meet him on another occasion, he only dealt with the indoor staff.

The immediate increase would affect 6,000 men. At marriageable ages, i.e., twenty-five—there would be an additional increase, to be given to 8,700 in London and 12,500 in the provinces.

In the smaller towns the maximum wage would be raised both of the men and women clerks. In London 1,980 women would benefit, and 1,760 in the provinces.

## MORE PAY FOR "DANGER" MEN.

The men who work in the "danger buildings" at Woolwich Arsenal are demanding a minimum wage of 36s. a week.

The Treasury have offered to concede a minimum of 26s., but the men are not satisfied, and are arranging to hold a conference to organise a general appeal for a reformed wages scheme.



## LOVED THE GAY LIFE.

Life Becomes Fascinated by the Stage and Its Freedom.

## REMARKABLE LETTERS.

Story of a young lady who "would go on stage," and by doing so spoiled what proved to be a happy married life, was told yesterday in the Divorce Court.

Lilian Mary Brooke married Captain Charles Brooke, an officer in the Royal Marines, in 1897. They at first lived at Blackheath, and were very happy together, said counsel, according to the "very," and then, after a year, during which Captain Brooke held a naval appointment at Greenwich, went to Southsea.

In the following year a time came when they separated temporarily. Captain Brooke had to go on a ship in the Channel Squadron and go on a cruise.

"I should like to go on the stage while you are away," said Mrs. Brooke.

The captain told her that he did not agree with this idea at all, but Mrs. Brooke was determined to have her way.

So the young lady—she was only just of age—went to London, and became an actress.

## Husband's Entreaties Ignored.

When her husband came back from his cruise she ran down to pay him a flying visit at Southsea, but she returned at once to the fascination of the footlights, in spite of his entreaties that she should give up her new infatuation.

The captain went on another cruise, and when he returned he wrote to his wife:—

Dear Lilian,—I am back in Portsmouth, and wish to know whether you mean to stick to your former decision?

In reply came the following letter:—

Dear Louis,—I only received your letter this morning. It went to the wrong flat, and I had not time to answer it before I had to go to the theatre. I am very busy rehearsing "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." I am too fond of the liberty and freedom of my profession to give it up. I thoroughly enjoy the gay life.

Only a few of my best "pals" know that I am married. I am often asked whether I am engaged, and then I say "no," and they get quite hopeful.

I am sending you a programme in which my name appears for the first time. Please return it.

I am now at the Theatre Royal, Camden Town.—Yours, ELLEN BROOKE.

After this came another letter in which Mrs. Brooke said that she had been to a public ball, and that she had received presents of jewellery from gentlemen.

Captain Brooke was much upset by this letter, and he wrote back:—

Dear Lilian,—I think you ought to have left out that bit about the ball. Young married ladies do not go to such places without their husbands.

Inquiries were made about Mrs. Brooke's advisers, and it was found that she had compromised herself with one of them.

So Captain Brooke brought divorce proceedings, and has obtained a decree nisi.

When the Birmingham police went yesterday to the house of a man to arrest him on a charge of selling clocks they came across 30,000 copies of dated music, which they seized.

IT WILL  
COST YOU NOTHING  
to read this, and  
YOU WILL SAVE MONEY  
by PURCHASING from  
**V. SAMUEL & Co.,**  
26, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

The Cheapest Shop for Watches  
and Clocks in the World.

**LADIES' KEYLESS WATCHES.**

	Price Elsewhere.	OUR PRICE.
OXYDISED	20/-	5/-
REAL SILVER	25/-	10/-
REAL GOLD	40/-	21/-

**GENT'S KEYLESS WATCHES.**

	Price Elsewhere.	OUR PRICE.
OXYDISED	15/-	7/6
REAL SILVER	20/-	10/-
REAL GOLD	30/-	15/-

All Watches sent post free, and money will be returned if not approved of.

## COMPULSORY BATH.

Series of Strange Torments Devised by a Cruel Husband.

"Was he in his right mind?" asked Mr. Justice Barnes in the Divorce Court yesterday after listening to a recital of the acts of cruelty which Mr. Alfred Joseph Fuller Hughes had practised towards his wife.

The lady's first husband was a commander in the Royal Navy, and she was married to Mr. Hughes in 1896.

"On the second day of the honeymoon he swore at me and cursed me," she said.

One day he saw that she was wearing on her right hand the wedding ring of her marriage with the commander. He flew into a violent passion, and said, "I will take that ring off and smash your hand." In trying to drag it off he dislocated her finger.

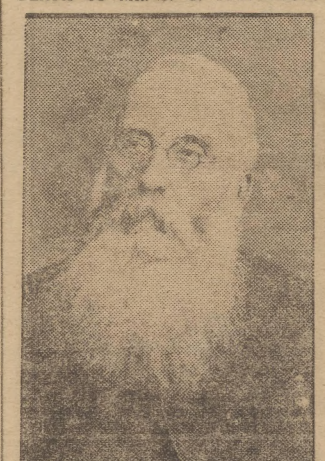
There was another occasion on which he told her that he would force a hot-pin into her head. When she was ill he used to wake her up in the middle of the night and say, "I am awfully sorry, I can't help it, but I am going to kill you."

In January, 1897, he took her by force to Liverpool, and she lived with him there for a time. One night he told her to have a bath. She said she had had a bath that morning, and did not want one. He forced her to have one—locking her in the room, where he kept her for some hours.

Eventually they parted, but some years later Mrs. Hughes met her husband at Notting-hill Station, when he offered to make some reparation by giving her evidence on which she might procure a divorce. This related to a dressmaker named Alice Osborne, with whom, as witnesses proved yesterday, Mr. Hughes had stayed at South Molton-street.

His Lordship granted a decree nisi.

## DEATH OF MR. J. C. STEVENSON.



He represented South Shields in the House of Commons for twenty-seven years, and was the first member for the borough.—(Russell and Sons.)

## AIMS OF THE ALIEN.

Immigrant Who Came to England for the Purpose of Committing Burglaries.

A frank confession was made by an alien named Oreste Masargo, charged at West London yesterday with complicity in the attempted burglary of a jeweller's shop in Fulham-road.

Meeting a fellow-countryman in Soho this alien said he had just "done" seven months in Italy for stealing 1,400 francs, and had "come to England to do the same thing."

He told Masargo he would use silly to get work, because there was a way to eat and drink without it. The prisoner replied, "I don't want to go to prison," and the other man said, "You needn't. I'll do the job, and you can watch."

A remand was orde ed.

## TEASED ABOUT HER HAIR.

Admitting at West Ham Police Court, yesterday, that she had assaulted Ada Barrett, a neighbour, Mrs. Ellen Edwards, pleaded that the prosecutrix had sent her an insulting letter.

She had been losing her hair lately, and alleged that the prosecutrix teased her about hair-restorers, and sent her by post a box of hair, tied up with ribbon. This the neighbour denied, but the magistrate made her write the words "hoping" and "advance," and found that she made mistakes in spelling, corresponding with mistakes in the letter.

The summons was dismissed.

## "WINKS AT 6s. 8d."

Solicitor on Trial for Concocting a Bill of Costs.

## AMUSING EVIDENCE.

The trial began at the Old Bailey yesterday of Mr. Henry Robert Jones, a solicitor, who is alleged to have obtained £267 10s. from the Wandsworth Guardians by false pretences.

Mr. Jones was engaged to act for the Wandsworth Union in litigation with the Battersea Borough Council. Mr. Avery, in opening the case for the prosecution, stated that Jones first obtained from the guardians a cheque for £2,000 on account, representing that he had to meet the charges of a number of valuers and others.

Subsequently he presented his bills of costs, and they were taxed by the Clerk of the Peace. The bills were not presented all together, but in batches. They were found to amount to £2,367 8s. 10d., and a cheque for the balance was forwarded to Jones.

In August of 1903 a clerk, named Manby, who had been discharged from the prisoner's service, wrote to the guardians, saying that the bills of costs had been fraudulently concocted, and that if he was paid for it he was prepared to give information as to the false items.

## Expensive Cab Hire.

Dealing with the alleged false items, Mr. Avery said Jones charged:—

He had charged £20 16s. for printing, for which he had actually paid £8 16s.

In each of the fourteen appeals he had charged 17s. for cab hire, a total of £11 8s. He actually paid £2 12s. 6d.

Another charge was £5 6s. 6d. for the use of the consultation-room at the court, whereas he never paid anything.

£12 was charged for "retainers and advice on evidence," the retainers being for the junior counsel, Mr. Henderson. The latter only received £3 or £2.

An elderly man with mutton-chop whiskers was called as the first witness. He was Manby, who instigated the charge against his former employer.

In answer to Mr. Bodkin, he said that when Mr. Jones was examined with the fourteen appeals at the last quinquennial valuation, he said:—

"I'm going to make the most of this. If any one of them winks it will be 6s. 8d. or 13s. 4d."

Jones, the witness said, always alluded to his wife as "Sally Brass." She helped him at the office.

Mr. Moyes, in cross-examining Manby, read the following expression from one of his letters:—"I know he (Jones) is pig-headed, but I think it matters touch his pocket he will bob up serenely. (I think this is a good expression)."

Mr. Moyes: Weren't you once fined sixpence at Marylebone Police Court for drunkenness?—Yes. I thought a little rum and water would be a good thing for a cold, and I found my mistake.

The trial was adjourned.

## UNFORTUNATE CURIOSITY.

Wife Obtains a Divorce Through the Presence in Court of the Husband.

The unexpected appearance in court of a husband secured a policeman's wife a divorce in Mr. Justice Barnes's Court yesterday.

Although the case was undefended, the Judge said he was not satisfied that misconduct had taken place.

On hearing this, Mrs. Craig, the wife, jumped up and said: "There is my husband at the back of the court—the man with his hair parted down the middle."

"Have you heard the case?" he was asked.

"Yes, my lord."

"Then you have had your chance. There will be a decree nisi."

## HOOLIGANS ATTACK BAILIFF.

A savage attack was made on a bailiff, named James Wilkey, when he entered McGrath-court, a blind alley off Hoxton-street, with an eviction order yesterday morning.

Nearly all the inhabitants of the court joined in the affray, and the bailiff was so injured with belts and saucapans and crockery, which were thrown at him, that he now lies in the hospital in a precarious condition.

In a midnight fight with six drunken men in London-road, a constable was struck with a paving-stone and rendered unconscious, and another also seriously injured.

Mr. Ainslie Cook, a theatrical manager, at Plymouth, yesterday, was committed for trial charged with stealing 209 21 postal orders.

## CLIFF DANGER.

Three Miles of the Kentish Coast Seriously Affected by Slides.

Kent's cliffs continue to fall in a very alarming manner.

A new slip took place yesterday at St. Margaret's Bay, at a site about half a mile east of the big fall of Tuesday, and nearer Hope Point, where a fall of several thousand tons recently occurred.

There was also another extensive slip at Fair Bay, on the Dover side of St. Margaret's Bay. About three miles of the Kentish cliffs are thus affected by the three falls which have occurred during the week.

An examination of the affected area shows that the crevices continue to widen, and the condition of the whole cliff edge is causing the authorities grave anxiety.

Countless visitors yesterday arrived at the scene of the big fall, travelling by motor-cars, bicycles, and every imaginable description of vehicle.

Owing to the action of the tides on the great mass of fallen chalk, the sea is quite white for several miles along the coast and out into the Channel.

At St. Margaret's Bay it is thought that the great slip may not prove an unmitigated evil, because the great bank of chalk will act as a breaker which may arrest the destructive effects of the tides.

During the last few years these lands have been denuding the beach of shingle, and encroaching on the foreshore at the alarming rate of six feet every year, notwithstanding heavy expenditure on sea defences.

## DISMISSED DETECTIVE.

Officer's Slander Action Against a Bookmaker Who Complained to Scotland Yard.

The sequel to the dismissal on serious charges of a well-known detective-inspector from the Metropolitan Police Force will shortly be heard in the High Courts.

Allegations were made against the officer of having received bribes from well-known bookmakers, one of whom gave information to Scotland Yard, alleging that the demands amounted to extortion.

An inquiry was held, with the result that the officer was dismissed the service, and sacrificed his pension and all claims.

The bookmaker is now to be sued for slander. A number of detectives who formerly served under the cashiered officer will appear as witnesses for the defence.

## BURGLAR'S DREAD OF GAOL.

Arrested a Second Time He Commits Suicide in a Police-station Cell.

A sensational suicide of a prisoner has occurred at the Peckham Police Station.

Arrested for burglary at his house in Commercial-road, Peckham Park-road, William Godfrey, aged twenty-eight years, was taken to the police-station, and, after being thoroughly searched, was placed in a cell.

A few hours later he was found dead with a terrible cut in his throat.

Beside him was a razor which he had evidently concealed in the foot of his stocking. His right boot and stocking were lying a few feet away.

Godfrey, who was wanted for a number of burglaries in Peckham and New Cross, was a ticket-of-leave man, and had been heard to say that he would "never do another turn."

## BARE FOOTMARKS AS CLUE.

In Soho last November two men were arrested on charges of murder and robbery in France, and yesterday one of them named Charles Hoffman was committed for extradition by the Bow-street magistrate.

The other prisoner, Anatole Paul Clairé, was further remanded for certain photographs to be sent to Paris. These, it is understood, show Clairé's bare footmarks, and they will be compared with some marks found in the house at St. Leu Taverny, a little village near Paris, where two old women were robbed and murdered in January last year.

## If you Suffer

from any disease arising from impurities in the Blood, such as eczema, scrofula, Scurvy, Bad legs, Blood poison, Sores, Pimples, Rheumatism, Gout, &c., you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer. It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, and to remove the cause of disease. Thousands of testimonials from all parts of the world. Of all chemists and stores. Ask for

**Clarke's Blood Mixture**  
The World-Famed Blood Purifier  
WARD & CO. LTD., LONDON.



## BURGLAR WITH MANNERS.

Pleasant-faced Young Detective Turns Out To Be a Thief.

### STRANGE DOUBLE LIFE.

Investigations made yesterday by the *Daily Mirror* throw further light upon the extraordinary dual life of Joseph Machin Hirst, who has been sentenced to four years' penal servitude for burglary.

In the eyes of the police Hirst was the cleverest and smartest burglar they have had to deal with for many years, while the people with whom he lived regarded him as a very pleasant, somewhat reserved, and entirely inoffensive young man.

For the past year he lived in Ramsden-road, Balham.

"He was," said his landlady to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "one of the nicest men you would wish to meet. He gave very little trouble. When it was wet he generally stayed indoors until the evening. At other times he would go out in the mornings or afternoons, but he was always in to meals."

It was just, according to this lady, the average life of a young man of medium circumstances who did not have to work too hard for his living.

"He kept everything locked up," added his landlady, "and we never noticed any articles or jewellery in his rooms likely to cause suspicion. He did not talk much, but that was natural in a detective, as we thought he was."

With amazing ingenuity and audacity, Hirst used his supposed profession for criminal purposes. Forty burglaries occurred in Balham during the last six months, and the police were entirely baffled.

After a series of these burglaries the private detective who lived such a pleasant life, and sometimes kept late hours, was suspected. He was shadowed, but nothing came of this, for Hirst knew the methods of his own craftmen.

Finally his downfall came about through a stolen cheque-book and a cheque presented to his landlady to "hold for a few days" as security for rent.

### LUCKY PAUPERS.

Workhouse Children Said To Be Surfeited with Entertainments.

The statement that the Lambeth Board of Guardians had refused to allow the pauper children to go to the Brixton pantomime has aroused a good deal of public sympathy for the little ones who were deprived of their Christmas treat.

Yesterday morning the *Daily Mirror* approached the board of guardians in Brook-street with a view to providing the children with some entertainment.

The reply of the guardians was unexpected. One of the reasons that they had refused to sanction the pantomime invitation was that the youngsters were surfeited with entertainments.

Mr. Robert Greenwood, the deputy clerk to the board, said: "There are about 600 children in the Lambeth schools at West Norwood, and they are very well cared for in every way. Many labouring men's children are not so well looked after as our little ones."

"Since December 21 they have had eight entertainments, and there are more to come. There is also a standing annual invitation to the Crystal Palace pantomime, and that will come round for consideration in due course."

"There was, of course, no objection to the Brixton pantomime, but there is a feeling amongst the guardians that it is well not to take the children to theatres."

The entertainments provided for the Lambeth pauper children are full of harmless fun of all kinds, which can be easily seen from the following list:—

December 21, 7 p.m.—"Our Navy" (arranged by the Sunday School staff).  
December 22, 6.30 p.m.—Lantern Entertainment: "A Christmas Carol."  
December 28, 6 p.m.—Christmas Tree (distribution of toys), Punch and Judy, and Conjuror Entertainment.  
December 30, 6 p.m.—Musical Entertainment (the clerical staff, guardians' offices).  
January 2, 6.30 p.m.—Musical Bioscope Entertainment (A. J. Wilson, Esq., member of Board of Guardians).  
January 4, 6.30 p.m.—Gramophone (Miss Matthews, member of Board of Guardians).  
January 6, 6 p.m.—Children's Annual.  
January 11, 6.30 p.m.—Entertainment (Dr. Alice Johnson).  
January 18—Lantern Lecture: "Ceylon" (— Jordan, Esq.).  
January 25, 6.30 p.m.—Lantern Entertainment (W. Jarvis, Esq.).

In these hard times there are not many parents among the working classes who can afford to send their little ones to so many entertainments as the Lambeth youngsters have provided for them free.

At West Norwood the children are not taught in the workhouse schools, but are simply boarded

## INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife have just taken their children to the Hippodrome at Brighton.

Sir Francis Bertie, the newly-appointed Ambassador to France, left Victoria yesterday for Paris.

The dispute which resulted in a strike at the Eyrnoch collieries, Neath, has been settled, and 700 men resumed work yesterday after three weeks' cessation.

The City Corporation has received a letter from the German Charge d'Affaires asking for permission to be given for a copy of the picture entitled "The Siege of Gibraltar," belonging to the Corporation, to be made for the Kaiser.

### ANNIVERSARY OF THE TOP-HAT.

On Sunday next the top-hat celebrates its 108th birthday.

It is amusing now to recall that its first wearer, Mr. John Hetherington, was charged with a breach of the peace and inciting to riot by wearing "a tall structure having a shiny lustre, calculated to frighten timid people."

### COLONIAL SECRETARY'S LOSS.

Ten shillings awaits anyone who will restore to the Colonial Secretary "The Quiet of the Soul."

It should be added that this is the title of a book, described in an advertisement displayed in the window of Mr. Lyttelton's residence as

A small old seventeenth century book entitled "The Quiet of the Soul."

### OLD PARLIAMENTARY HAND.

Sir John Dorrington, M.P., who has already announced his intention to retire from Parliament at the next general election, has asked the Glou-

To promote good feeling between England and Germany, efforts are being made to open an Anglo-German Union Club in the West End.

The Local Government Board yesterday sanctioned the appointment of Miss M. M. Pole as sanitary inspector for the City of London.

"Coco," the "human ape," who has attracted much attention in Berlin, will make his first appearance in England at the Palace Theatre on the 30th inst.

### "COLISEUM" OR "COLOSSEUM."

Why is not the title of London's latest palace of entertainment spelt "Colosseum"? inquires a Sussex vicar.

"Coliseum," he suggests, can only come from the French equivalent, "colisee," while the proper word would be colosseum, derived from the Latin "colossus," which fitly expresses the gigantic nature of the scheme.

### ALIEN EGGS AT BIRMINGHAM.

Birmingham guardians have learnt with indignation that Austrian eggs are "dumped" in Ireland and then sent on to Birmingham as fresh eggs.

Instructions have accordingly been given to the Stores Committee to see that workhouse inmates should receive genuine Irish eggs, if not English.

Puzzled how to detect the foreigners, one member has suggested that it would be as well to have the eggs hatched and see what language they spoke.

### BLOODLESS SURGERY CRITICISED.

Commenting on the "bloodless" surgeon of Bond-street, the "Lancet" says:—"We witnessed a remarkable exhibition not so much of Mr. Barker's powers but of what people are willing to endure at the hands of a quack when the same treatment

### NEW SALVATION ARMY SHELTER.



General Booth and his staff at the opening of the new Salvation Army shelter in Millbank-street, Westminster, yesterday. Mr. George Herring, the well-known supporter of hospital funds, is seen immediately behind the General in this photograph.

estershire County Council and Quarter Sessions to relieve him of the chairmanship, which he has held for twenty-eight years.

Few politicians have had a more exciting Parliamentary career than Sir John, who has been twice defeated, once unseated on petition, and by his first success in 1874 caused Mr. Gladstone to dissolve.

### OLD STREETS AND NEW NAMES.

Several changes in the names of small streets near Leicester-square have been decided on by the Westminster Council.

Spur-street and Pantion-street will be incorporated under the name of Pantion-street, and James-street, Blue Cross-street, and Orange-street are to be incorporated under the name of Orange-street.

### HERO OF RORKE'S DRIFT.

On the recommendation of Major-General Irving Graham, the Army Council has agreed to increase the pension of Private Henry Hook, V.C., from £10 to £50 a year.

Hook, it will be remembered, earned his V.C. at Rorke's Drift in 1879, when he gallantly defended

would be pronounced as intolerable cruelty in the hands of the medical man.

"We may say at once that Mr. Barker . . . is capable of doing good in certain cases, cases in which medical men upon scientific methods are doing more good. He is capable of doing great harm in other cases and we are in little doubt that he does it."

### LAND WITHOUT AN OWNER.

Search is being made in Liverpool for the owner of a piece of land in one of the most populous districts of the city.

In default of the owner, the City Council has been ordered to abate the nuisance caused thereon by a lodgment of stagnant water, but it is conjectured that if the land were wanted for building an owner would soon be forthcoming.

### CURIOUS CRIMEAN SOUVENIR.

In an East End auction room there was sold yesterday a cloth draught-board, the squares consisting of pieces of the red British uniform coat and the Russian grey garment.

An attached parchment label stated that it was

## OUR ILLUSTRATION

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's Mirror."

### ALL ABOUT THE PICTURE

#### MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE CAMERA

The photographs which appear in our paper by day often have a history apart from the subjects they illustrate. They have to be obtained in a way that they can be reproduced. Take, for example, the picture of Mr. Chamberlain making his great speech at Preston, which appears on page 9.

This photograph is the exclusive property of the *Daily Mirror*. It was made by our photographer, who journeyed down from London with his most reliable camera and provisionally taking a flashlight picture. By day often have a history apart from the subjects they illustrate. They have to be obtained in a way that they can be reproduced. Take, for example, the picture of Mr. Chamberlain making his great speech at Preston, which appears on page 9.

Alas! they would not.

He pleaded, he argued, he tried to overawe them—all to no purpose. He spoke of a disappointed public denied a pictorial record of such a momentous event—but they were obdurate. In despair he pointed out that he had come all the way from London for this particular purpose—they only suggested that he should go all the way back again.

It was a check, but the man with the camera would not tamely accept defeat. He hid himself in a corner and waited for developments.

Presently "Joe" arrived, and, while he was being welcomed in due form, to the amazement of a scandalised committee, our photographer emerged from his hiding-place and buttonholed the great man himself.

Again he made his request to be allowed to take a picture. The committee waited breathless for the withering reply that would reduce the presumptuous man to a wreck; but it did not come. Mr. Chamberlain would be most happy to submit himself to the camera, and only hoped he would come out all right. More in sorrow than in anger, the committee gave way.

"Going one better" than his word, Mr. Chamberlain "posed" for a moment before commencing his speech that the enterprising photographer, who had found a favourable place in front of the platform, might have a better chance. There was an instantaneous blinding flash and a tiny click. In that fraction of a second the picture was taken, and its subject opened his speech by a happy allusion to the ordeal he had passed.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "having now undergone what I may term, perhaps, the baptism of fire, I appeal to you for your kind attention."

So was our photographer enabled to return to London, tired, but rejoicing, and so we are in a position to place before our readers the picture which appears on page 9.

#### THE SHATTERED CLIFFS NEAR DOVER.

The high tides caused by the great gale have caused tremendous falls of the cliff at St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover. The first fall brought down some 250,000 tons of chalk and left a gap about 200 feet wide and 50 feet deep.

Since then further falls have taken place, a fissure has been formed which ominously threatens the collapse of a still greater portion of the mass estimated at over 1,000,000 tons.

The fallen masses of chalk, which may be seen in our photograph on page 8, extend for between 200 and 300 yards along the foot of the cliff at low water form a causeway nearly a quarter of a mile seaward.

#### THE LARGEST FAMILY ON EARTH.

Mr. Lorin Farr, with 326 children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, has a claim to be considered the head of the largest family in the world, which will not easily be denied.

Mr. Farr, who is now eighty-one years of age, is a Mormon, and went out with the first pioneers to Utah in 1847, taking with him his wife. He married his second wife in 1851, and subsequent marriages took place in 1852, 1853, and 1857.

A photograph of Mr. Lorin Farr and his respectable family appears on page 8. The old man himself will be found on the extreme right-hand side.

#### THE ROOF THAT FELL IN.

On page 8 we reproduce a photograph showing the result of the roof collapse at Sunderland.

It occurred at the Salvation Army Barracks, while a prayer-meeting was being held in the building, and nine people were injured, many of them had almost miraculous escapes. Forty or fifty were pinned under the ruins, but help was speedily forthcoming, and they were soon released. The cause of the accident was the high wind, which blew a chimney down upon the roof,



## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business  
 Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—  
 2, CARMELITE STREET,  
 LONDON, E.C.  
 TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1311.

## Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1905.

## AS IN 1875.

THERE seems no doubt that a wave of religious enthusiasm is about to sweep over the country. The awakening began in Wales some two months back, and nothing is more infectious when once it takes hold than a "revival" of this nature. Before many weeks have passed we are likely to see in London and the provinces a repetition of the excitement and fervour of the Moody and Sankey days. The first visit of these famous evangelists was paid in 1875. At their opening meeting they had 15,000 hearers. Between March and July they won over an enormous number of converts, and their stirring songs became familiar to every ear. They came again in 1881, 1883, and 1884, but never had the same success as at first.

Very much the same conditions prevail now as prevailed in 1875. Then, as now, the spiritual life of the nation was at a low ebb. Some troubling of the waters was needed to convince the waiting, doubting multitude that materialism was not the only creed for the times. For a long time the Moody and Sankey influence was felt. It had its effect upon Church and upon Chapel alike—more upon Chapel, because the Church is inclined to look askance at efforts made outside its own pale. It changed the course of many lives.

Now (except in remote country places where their hymn tunes may still be heard and their phrases quoted) all but the memory of Moody and Sankey has died away. The nation has slipped back into its old indifference. Those who were affected by the revival are mostly dead, and they did not succeed in communicating their enthusiasm to their children. A new generation has sprung up to whom the quickening, comforting spirit of religion is unknown. It is in order to do for them what Moody and Sankey did for their fathers that Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander will open their Mission at the Albert Hall next month.

We were glad to publish yesterday Dr. Torrey's confirmation of our surmise that his diatribe against dancing was merely a personal view, elicited in reply to a question, not a sample of the Doctrines to be pressed home at the Albert Hall. There he and his colleague will simply state with all the eloquence and ingenuity at their command the case for believing and trusting in God, and taking Jesus Christ for the supreme example of conduct and character.

Though we may disagree with certain of their opinions, it is impossible not to wish these men success in their endeavour to awaken the spirits of Hope and Faith which slumber inertly in so many hearts to-day. If, in addition to this, they could leave behind them some social result of their mission as well, they would make an even deeper mark upon their age than did their predecessors.

Could not they take a hint from General Booth's incomparable energy and common-sense and turn the fervour they arouse to some beneficently practical end? They may reply that their aim is to save souls, and that social improvement must be the work of others.

If it be so, we cannot blame them. It is impossible to lay down lines for others to work on. We must all do what we can for our fellows and ourselves, and we must ask to be judged by what we actually accomplish, not by what we might have achieved in some other direction. Still, it is the social needs of the time which make the deepest impression upon men's minds to-day, and we cannot suppress a hope that something may be done to meet them through the agency of the religious revival which is going to bulk so large in the history of 1905.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Any form of religion tends to degenerate in the multitude. The point about Christianity is that

LADY EVELYN HELY-HUTCHINSON, whose engagement to Captain Farquhar has just been announced, is one of the most beautiful Irish girls in society, very fair, tall, and with a perfect complexion. Her mother, the Dowager Countess of Donoughmore, is also a very beautiful woman. A curious story is told of how

she came to marry Lady Evelyn's father, the fifth earl, who died some five years ago. One of the earl's younger brothers had fallen in love with her out in Australia. The elder brother went out to see how matters stood. As soon as he met the girl, his brother had chosen her fell in love with her himself, and telegraphed home to say that the marriage—his own marriage—was irrevocably settled!

"IT WAS ALL VERY WELL TO DISSEMBLE YOUR LOVE,  
 BUT WHY DID YOU KICK ME DOWNSTAIRS?"



One feature of the Mr. End election was that the Liberal candidate was forced by public opinion to declare himself against the undesirable alien. This he did towards the end of the contest, with much vigour, protesting that he was most anxious to exclude them.

## PAVEMENT STUDIES.

## The Cheerful Mendicant.

I WAS whistling for my dog at the corner when I noticed him first. He was standing by the baked-potato-man's barrow getting warm at the glowing brazier of coals.

"Here he is, sir," he cried to me, as my best friend loomed large and white through the frosty mist of the winter night. "Here he comes." And he clapped his arms across his chest with a cheery air of having done me a good turn.

"Thanks," I said, and turned to go. But I was not to get off so easily. "Beg pardon, sir," he came towards me confidentially—"only a moment, I'm just a penny short of my night's lodging."

He used the customary begging phrase with such a whimsical look that I laughed outright. His eye seemed to tell me that he knew I should not believe him, that he did not expect to be believed. Yet he certainly counted on "doing business" with me.

How could I disappoint such confidence? I fumbled for twopenny and handed them over at once. "Have a hot potato with the other penny," I suggested. "Thankee, sir, I was just a-goin' to," he said, with a flicker of his eyelid.

Did I feel that he had "done" me? Not a bit. I suppose I was encouraging mendicancy, but for the life of me I can't help liking a beggar with

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

## The Rev. Stephen Gladstone.

HE is not going to join the Roman Catholic Church, in spite of the numerous reports which have said he is to do so, and he still remains a member of the Church to which his immortal father was so proud to have given him.

Still, it would not have been very surprising if he had resolved to take the step, for he is very High Church in his views, just as his father was before him.

Nor are his religious views the only things in which he takes after the "Grand Old Man."

He is a younger edition of him in face. He has the same mouth, the same straight-gazing eyes; but he is thinner than his father, and his look is more eager.

Then, too, he has his father's eloquence and love of hard work, though not his physical strength—he resigned the rectory of Hawarden owing to ill-health.

If it had not been for that same ill-health the report would not have arisen. He is shortly to take charge of the living of Barrowby, in Lincolnshire, and he has been travelling in Italy in order to recover his health before he starts on his new work.

He is not the man to have taken a holiday for

It is strange that Prince Francis of Teck, who was the preading genius at the ceremony given by the North Road Club for Boys in the City-road last night, should have remained so long unmarriageable. He is the youngest and handsomest brother of the Princess of Wales, and only celebrates his thirty-fifth birthday this morning. Being a popular cavalry officer, he has the best social qualities—cheerfulness of manner, enterprise in the invention of amusements, and enthusiasm for sport. At a fancy-dress ball given one Christmas by Lord and Lady Howe he conceived the brilliant idea of dressing two of the guests as children, and having them wheeled in a perambulator by a third guest dressed as a nurse!

There are to be some very interesting reappearances at Terry's Theatre when Mrs. Langtry produces "Mrs. Derang's Divorce" there next Wednesday. In the first place, all who love character acting, and ingenue parts perfectly played, will go to see Miss Beatrice Ferrar again. Miss Ferrar is one of a clever family of players; her elder sister, Miss Ada Ferrar, is well-known in the provinces, and the younger one, Miss Jessie Ferrar, is also an actress, and was seen to great effect in the Oxford Union Dramatic Society a year or two ago. It is Miss Beatrice whom we know best in London, however.

Not very long ago Miss Ferrar, under most annoying circumstances, missed playing a part which would have suited her admirably. She had gone to Tenerife, because she had a cold, and wanted change. While enjoying the sun, and making herself as Spanish as possible out there, she received a telegram from Sir Charles Wyndham, offering her a part in "The Case of Rebellious Susan." At once she telegraphed acceptance, packed up her trunks, and returned. Unfortunately Tenerife, if picturesque, is unbusinesslike, and the solitary Spaniard who managed the post-office there had that day been on a holiday. The result was that Miss Ferrar found, on arriving in London, that her telegram had arrived too late. The part had been given to someone else.

Mr. Leonard Boyne is another London favourite who will appear with Mrs. Langtry at Terry's. Mr. Boyne is almost as keen about sport as he is about acting. He has spent most of his youth in trying to become a racing expert. Once he made a bet with a boy of his own age to ride three miles across country against him. It was a fearful and glorious ride. Mr. Boyne fell into ditches, over fences, got involved in hedges, rivers, and railways. Finally he fainted, and awoke again to find himself bodystretched and very much—but victorious. After that adventure Mr. Boyne's parents decided that he was really getting too much for them, and they sent him to be coached for the Army.

But the future "leading man" did not like cramming a bit, and one morning he wrote off to the manager of the Adelphi Theatre asking for a part. He had never set foot on any stage; but what did that matter? The manager offered him the part of prompter at the stimulating salary of fifteen shillings a week. Mr. Boyne made a hopeless muddle of it, and on the very first day at the theatre the manager found it necessary to swear prodigious oaths at him. Mr. Boyne looked at him in dignified astonishment. Then he said, "You do not know me well enough to swear at me, I think." The manager found the remark so amazing that he had nothing to say.

One has frequently heard of men whose chief claim to distinction lay in their being the husbands of distinguished women. Canon Haring Deane, who has denied the rumour that his brother-in-law, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, is to enter the Roman Church, might be described as "the father of Mrs. Dorothy Drew," the famous granddaughter of the late Mr. Gladstone. Miss Drew was at one time the best-known child in England. Everybody has heard, for instance, how she visited Queen Victoria on a day at Windsor Castle, and how collected and unmoored she remained throughout the awe-inspiring ceremony of introduction.

As her mother drove up to the Castle she asked little Miss Dorothy if it was not a magnificent place. "Almost as nice as Haverley Drive," was the patronising answer. She conducted the interview with the Queen in the same unconcerned way, kissing her affectionately, and saying that her pet name was "Dorrie." Even her adoring grandfather, the great Mr. Gladstone, could never overawe her. One morning he tried to make her get out of bed when she was lazy. She quoted his arguments by saying, "I do what the Bible tells me," and quoting the verse from the Psalms beginning, "It is vain for you to rise up early." Mr. Gladstone was for once at a loss for an answer!

## IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

JANUARY 13.—In making new beds (which can be done now when the weather is mild) it is very important to dig them at least 2ft. deep.

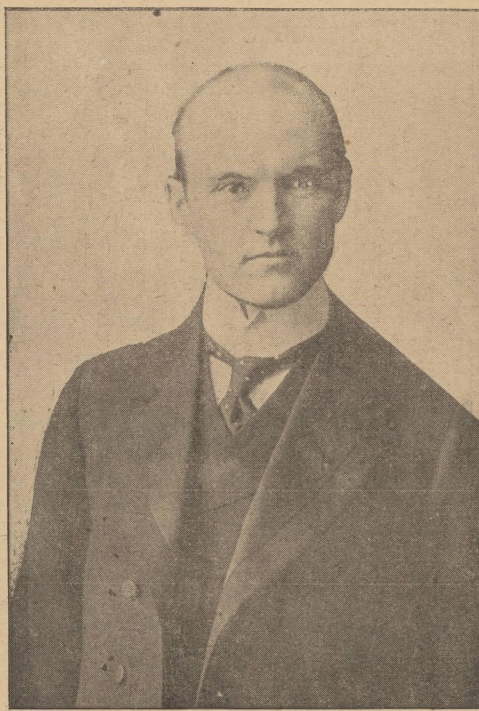
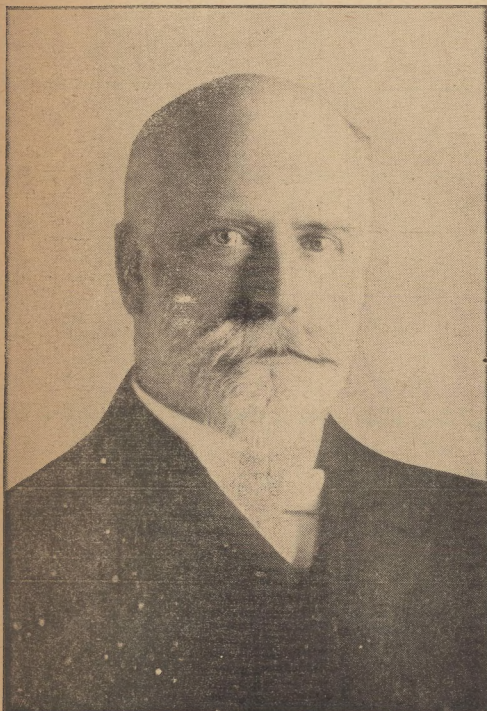
Few people realise the great depth to which many plants send down their roots in search of food and moisture. I have dug up pansies with roots 2ft. long! Well-dug beds need seldom be watered and require less nourishing than shallow ones.

If a plant is not allowed to make abundant roots, how can we expect it to flower well? The farmer who ploughs deeply gets a better crop of corn than the farmer who only turns up a few inches of the soil. F. T.



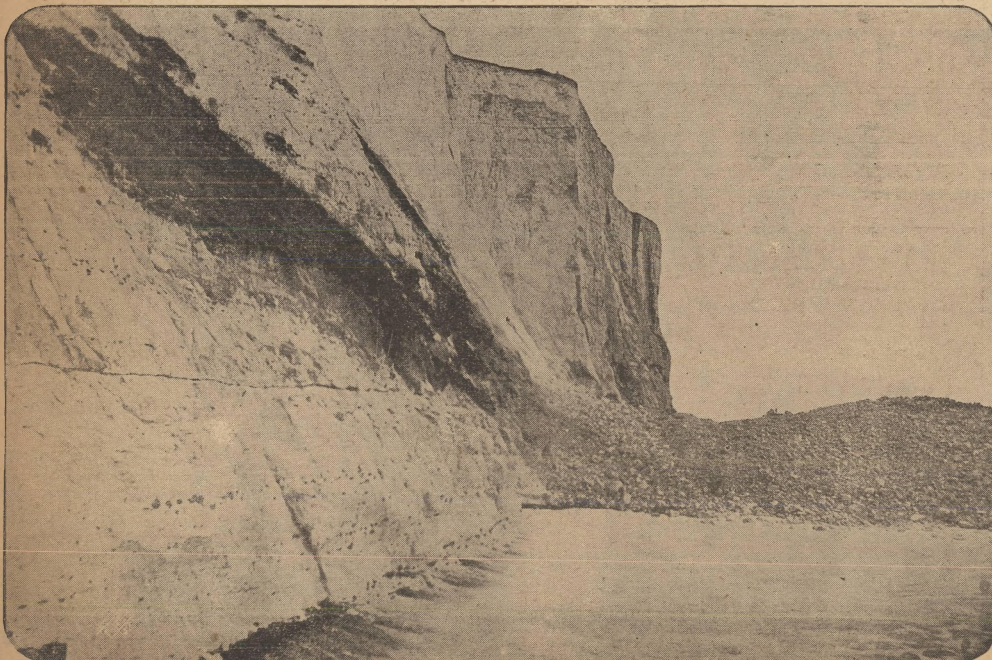
# CAMERA-REPORTS

THE GREAT ALBERT HALL REVIVAL MISSION.

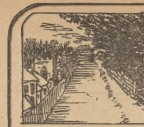


The first portrait reproduced above is of Dr. Torrey, and the second shows Mr. Alexander, who are to conduct the mission to the rich at the Albert Hall next month. The revival meetings are to be preceded by a house-to-house canvass of all the houses within three miles of the hall, which will be conducted by a number of well-known titled ladies.—(Photographs by Elliott and Fry and J. Moffat.)

THE GREAT LANDSLIDE AT DOVER.



View of the cliffs at St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, after the fall of thousands of tons of chalk. A large area extending many yards back from the edge of the cliff is affected, and a further landslide of gigantic dimensions is threatened at any moment. The debris



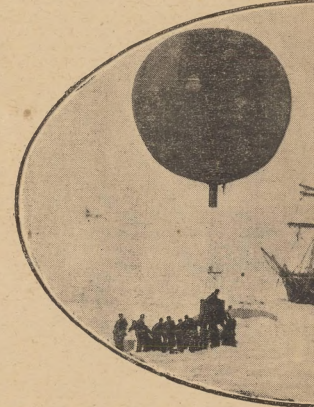
THE  
World  
PIC

LARGEST FAMILY



When President Roosevelt stopped at family believed to be the largest in the is seen standing on the extreme right children, and great-grandchildren.

BALLOONING IN



Members of the German Antarctic expedition pack ice. The ship Gauss shown in the farthest south" simultaneously with

SALVATION ARMY BARRACKS



A prayer-meeting was taking place at the



News  
RED

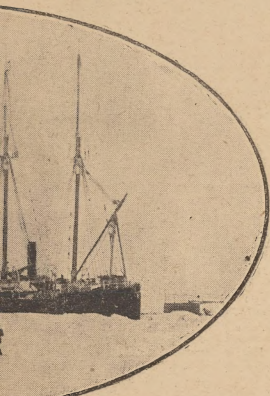


THE WORLD.



...ke City he was entertained by a  
...r. Lorin Farr, its Mormon founder,  
...group of his 326 children, grand-  
...ves of Mr. Farr are still living.

ANTARCTIC.



...out to make an ascent from the  
...raph was sent out to the "regions  
...ish and Swedish Expeditions.

ROOFED AT SUNDERLAND.



...vation Army barracks when there

# Snapped for News.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN ADDRESSING THE GREAT MEETING AT PRESTON.



The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain kindly consented to be photographed by flashlight, specially for the *Daily Mirror*, as he stood upon the platform before the 5,000 audience at the great meeting at Preston, with the excellent result shown above. As the flare from the *Daily Mirror* flashlight apparatus ascended to the heights of the great hall the right honourable gentleman humorously remarked, "Having now undergone what I may term, perhaps, the baptism of fire, I appeal to you for your kind attention."—(Copyright: *Daily Mirror*.)

IN THE STORM'S WAKE: EFFECTS OF THE HIGH TIDE AT LOWESTOFT.



Windsor-road, Lowestoft, showing the roadway flooded at high tide, when the water was knee-deep. The lower parts of the houses were flooded, and the inhabitants were obliged to live in the upstairs rooms until the tide had receded.



A huge wave beating against the sea-wall at Lowestoft during the abnormally high tides caused by the recent fierce gale which ravaged the East Coast.—(Wrightson, Lowestoft.)



## BEGIN OUR NEW SERIAL TO-DAY.

## A MAN IN A MILLION.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN,

Authors of

"Chance, the Juggler," "A Widow by Choice," and "Scarlet Lies."

"It is not so hard to sow as to reap."—GOETHE.

## SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

Vanna Tempest could not live without the luxury, gaiety, and finery which had been hers in the days before the smash came which drove her husband to live in a country cottage on the remnants of their fortune. Dick Tempest had speculated and had failed, but he was resigned; the woman chafed in the thralls, and her nature was spoiling. Even their daughter, Joan, a girl of fifteen, was shocked at her mother's outbursts of temper and miserable discontent.

In despair, Dick Tempest, the kindest and best of souls, resolved to risk the remnant of his fortune in one more speculation under the guidance of his friend, Anthony Heron. Luck was with him this time. In a few days he netted the sum of £500. With characteristic generosity he put the cheque into Vanna's hands, saying, "Go to London and have a good time. Look up your women friends, and I will write to Heron and ask him to look after you. Tony Heron is just the man to give you a real good time. You have never met him; but I know you'll like him, and I shall be quite certain you'll enjoy yourself if I ask him to look after you."

She went, and lived in a world of gaiety—at first. Then the society of Tony Heron was enough. In short, by a terrible irony, her husband's unselfish sacrifice had thrown her into the arms of another man. She loved Tony Heron—and she must go back home.

## CHAPTER V.

Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy,  
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.

—Cadrigton.

Richard Tempest met Vanna at the little station at Bodlington the next day.

When the train steamed in he saw her at once. She was leaning out of a first-class carriage. He ran forward and opened the door and helped her out, holding both her hands and looking into her face with all the gladness of his welcome shining in his loyal eyes.

"Welcome home, darling! Oh, how glad to see you again!"

How right he had been! She looked more beautiful than ever, more beautiful even than when he had first met and loved her in her radiant girlhood. The second time he looked he saw that she was very, very pale.

"You are tired, Vanna," he said tenderly.

"Yes, Dick, very tired," she answered, with a struggling smile.

He collected her luggage—there was an extra trunk to hold her new clothes—and led her out to the waiting fly. It was an old and ramshackle vehicle and jolted terribly over the country roads.

"And you've had a splendid time—a really splendid time?"

"Absolutely perfect," she answered every time. "I'll tell you all about it to-night. I—my head aches rather—you know, trains always upset me."

The station was only a short mile from Rosemary Cottage, and, when they arrived, Brixton had a cup of tea ready, while Vanna drank in the dining room, while Dick helped the cabman to carry her boxes upstairs.

The tea revived her. When Dick came down he was the first to notice the change in her. His tie was a little disarranged. She was standing by the table, smoothing out her white chiffon veil. She gave a swift glance round the room, at the low ceiling, the dark paneling, and the old chairs laid for dinner, the tiny sideboard, the mead chairs; then her eyes turned to her husband;

the ink-stained fingers of his right hand. And then she saw another vision—a dainty room, overlooking a river, below trees and a strip of garden, and he saw of his city's garden, and, inside the room, the heavy scent of roses in the night, and a tall man holding both her hands with a touch that made her blood tingle, and a masterful, magnetic voice, saying "Vanna! Vanna!" And a dark head bent to hers—and a kiss that blotted out everything that had ever been.

She gave a little shiver.

"I'll go up and undress," she said abruptly.

"May I come, too?" asked her husband.

"Of course, Dick. I want to show you all my pretty things."

When she entered the bedroom she gave a swift glance around her, just as she had done in the long room at Brixton. Richard Tempest saw it, and looked round, too, and gave a little sigh, because it was all so very small and simple.

Vanna saw that he had seen her look; she had always been able to read his mind. She turned to him with a smile.

"How bright it looks, Dick. So much brighter than—London."

"You're not sorry to be back?" he asked, with a tremulous eagerness in his voice.

"No," she lied bravely. "Glad, Dick; and so grateful for the splendid time I've had."

She was taking the pins out of her big hat in

a subtle transformation, something soft and beautiful, the unmistakable look of a woman in love. She wondered if anyone would notice it, if anyone could help noticing it. She came and stood close to her husband.

"Dick, how do I look?" she asked, with a little nervous laugh.

"More lovely than ever," he answered, with a thrill in his voice. "A bit pale and fagged, though. That's London. I suppose you lived in a perfect whirl?"

"Rather."

"Now, tell me all about it."

He sat down on the bed, as she knelt by one of the trunks that he had opened for her—the one that contained her new clothes.

"I—oh, I had a splendid time, Dick," she began.

"Oh, Dick, do look!" She held up a mass of chiffon in wonderful tones of mauve and rose.

"Paquin—fearfully extravagant, wasn't it? But isn't lovely?"

"Lovely," he answered enthusiastically. "But you're not telling me anything. Did you see much of the Hendersons?"

"Yes—that is, no, not very much—I mean, at first I did. But—Molly has changed—I don't care for her so much now."

And the Fellowes? Mrs. Fellowes was such a chum of mine."

"She—seems to have changed, too. I dined there once, and met them out once or twice. They were very sweet to me, but, of course, they've got a lot of new friends."

"With whom did you go about most? I want to be able to see you, and know just everything you do."

"Oh!"—her voice had a curious, stifled sound—"all sorts of people. I met some nice people in the hotel, and—Mr. Heron introduced me to some of his friends. Lady Betty Somerville was one of them—such a charming woman!"

"Well, and what about Tony Heron?" asked Dick eagerly. "I'm awfully anxious to hear about him. You like him."

"Oh, yes—very much. Look, Dick, isn't that a perfect painted muslin?"

"Lovely, darling. And I knew he'd give you a good time. He did, didn't he?"

"Oh, splendid!"

"Dinner parties and theatres, eh?—and all that sort of thing."

"Yes—all that sort of thing."

"And did he take you out in his motor?"

"Yes." A great tear splashed on to the last dress that she took out of the trunk.

"Oh, that's lovely!" exclaimed Dick. "So fresh and white! Wear that to-night, darling!"

Vanna started to her feet, her hands gripped the chiffon like claws. It was the dress that she had worn last night.

"No," she said hastily. "I'm tired of this one—I wore it so often. I'll wear the Paquin—it's much prettier."

"And do you like just as you did it in London. Vanna started to her feet, her hands gripped the chiffon like claws. It was the dress that she had worn last night."

"No," she said hastily. "I'm tired of this one—I wore it so often. I'll wear the Paquin—it's much prettier."

"And do you like just as you did it in London. Vanna started to her feet, her hands gripped the chiffon like claws. It was the dress that she had worn last night."

"No," she said hastily. "I'm tired of this one—I wore it so often. I'll wear the Paquin—it's much prettier."

"And do you like just as you did it in London. Vanna started to her feet, her hands gripped the chiffon like claws. It was the dress that she had worn last night."

"No," she said hastily. "I'm tired of this one—I wore it so often. I'll wear the Paquin—it's much prettier."

"And do you like just as you did it in London. Vanna started to her feet, her hands gripped the chiffon like claws. It was the dress that she had worn last night."

"No," she said hastily. "I'm tired of this one—I wore it so often. I'll wear the Paquin—it's much prettier."

"And do you like just as you did it in London. Vanna started to her feet, her hands gripped the chiffon like claws. It was the dress that she had worn last night."

"No," she said hastily. "I'm tired of this one—I wore it so often. I'll wear the Paquin—it's much prettier."

"And do you like just as you did it in London. Vanna started to her feet, her hands gripped the chiffon like claws. It was the dress that she had worn last night."

"No," she said hastily. "I'm tired of this one—I wore it so often. I'll wear the Paquin—it's much prettier."

"And do you like just as you did it in London. Vanna started to her feet, her hands gripped the chiffon like claws. It was the dress that she had worn last night."

"No," she said hastily. "I'm tired of this one—I wore it so often. I'll wear the Paquin—it's much prettier."

"And do you like just as you did it in London. Vanna started to her feet, her hands gripped the chiffon like claws. It was the dress that she had worn last night."

"No," she said hastily. "I'm tired of this one—I wore it so often. I'll wear the Paquin—it's much prettier."

"And do you like just as you did it in London. Vanna started to her feet, her hands gripped the chiffon like claws. It was the dress that she had worn last night."

"No," she said hastily. "I'm tired of this one—I wore it so often. I'll wear the Paquin—it's much prettier."

"And do you like just as you did it in London. Vanna started to her feet, her hands gripped the chiffon like claws. It was the dress that she had worn last night."

"No," she said hastily. "I'm tired of this one—I wore it so often. I'll wear the Paquin—it's much prettier."

"And do you like just as you did it in London. Vanna started to her feet, her hands gripped the chiffon like claws. It was the dress that she had worn last night."

"No," she said hastily. "I'm tired of this one—I wore it so often. I'll wear the Paquin—it's much prettier."

"And do you like just as you did it in London. Vanna started to her feet, her hands gripped the chiffon like claws. It was the dress that she had worn last night."

"No," she said hastily. "I'm tired of this one—I wore it so often. I'll wear the Paquin—it's much prettier."

"And do you like just as you did it in London. Vanna started to her feet, her hands gripped the chiffon like claws. It was the dress that she had worn last night."

She met the postman. As she took the letters from him she trembled pale, and trembled from head to foot. There were only two—one for Dick, that looked like a returned manuscript, and one for her, addressed in the bold, square handwriting that had governed the disposal of her days for the last six weeks.

She turned back into the hall and put Dick's letter down on the hat-stand. She heard him moving about upstairs, whistling gaily. She went back into the garden and opened her letter.

"How could you go away?" it began abruptly.

"It's so different without you—so lonely. I suddenly found that I have nothing to do. Vanna, I want to hold your little hands again. I must see you. Shall I come down casually, or will you meet me near Bodlington? I shall come in the motor. Wire me what day, and make it soon—immediately—or I shall come, despite you.—Yours, T. H."

She was white as death as she held the paper to her lips for a moment, standing in the shadow of the tiny porch, and then thrust it into her gown.

It was not going to be simple; it was going to be very, very difficult—not merely hopeless despair, but a battle. Tony Heron did not mean to let her go. But she must not see him—yes, she must. Oh, it was terrible, and yet—oh, she was so glad!

All that day she went about her household duties with a dogged application, and an awful struggle raged within her. She could not banish Anthony Heron's face from her mental vision, she could not escape from the masterful gaze of his eyes.

And the thought that she might see him again in a day or two, she said the word filled her with such an overwhelming longing that she was afraid.

In the evening Dick reminded her that it was market day to-morrow at Westerhinton, and that he was going off early in the morning and would not be back until late. He was very anxious to see one of the farmers about his new scheme for a bee-hive.

Vanna did not hear a word, except that he was going to be away all day. The rest was lost in the deafening chorus of tempting voices that thundered in her ears: "You can see him to-morrow—to-morrow—to-morrow!"

It seemed to her that she had fought all the time, knowing that she was going to yield, that she had fought herself for nothing. About seven o'clock, while Dick was busy finishing an article that had been actually ordered for a certain day, she told him that she was going to walk into Bodlington, as they had run out of some household commodity and she wanted some exercise.

"All right, darling," he answered cheerfully. "You might get a two-ounce packet of Capstan. Don't go!"

Vanna walked very quickly through the peaceful, leafy lanes. She bought Dick's tobacco and some raisins that she did not want, and then she went to the post office, and wrote a note on a sheet of paper that she had brought with her. She dared not tell him that she was going, but she would get the letter by the first post in the morning.

"Come to-morrow," she wrote. "I will be outside the gates of Park House at three o'clock in the afternoon. It is on the London side of Bodlington, off the main road—anyone will tell you. It is an empty house; you can pretend you are there and do as you like."

She had no dinner that day, but a late supper, because Dick had to be off so early in the morning that he could not get a proper breakfast. Vanna talked a great deal during the simple meal, and was most gay and animated and altogether like her joyous old self.

When she sat down off on his bicycle the next morning she felt like a criminal. All the time she called herself terrible, hard names; but she heart sang. At lunch the food seemed to choke her. Immediately afterwards she went up to dress. She dare not attire herself for motoring, lest she should be seen by someone and arouse suspicion; but she put on her chin veil and her pocket.

It was not until she had actually started that she realised the risk, and she fervently blessed her childish ways that had prevented her from making friends in the neighbourhood.

She arrived at the moss-grown gates of the long-empty house before the motor, having avoided Bodlington by walking off on his bicycle the next morning she felt like a criminal. All the time she called herself terrible, hard names; but she heart sang. At lunch the food seemed to choke her. Immediately afterwards she went up to dress. She dare not attire herself for motoring, lest she should be seen by someone and arouse suspicion; but she put on her chin veil and her pocket.

It was not until she had actually started that she realised the risk, and she fervently blessed her childish ways that had prevented her from making friends in the neighbourhood.

She arrived at the moss-grown gates of the long-empty house before the motor, having avoided Bodlington by walking off on his bicycle the next morning she felt like a criminal. All the time she called herself terrible, hard names; but she heart sang. At lunch the food seemed to choke her. Immediately afterwards she went up to dress. She dare not attire herself for motoring, lest she should be seen by someone and arouse suspicion; but she put on her chin veil and her pocket.

It was not until she had actually started that she realised the risk, and she fervently blessed her childish ways that had prevented her from making friends in the neighbourhood.

She arrived at the moss-grown gates of the long-empty house before the motor, having avoided Bodlington by walking off on his bicycle the next morning she felt like a criminal. All the time she called herself terrible, hard names; but she heart sang. At lunch the food seemed to choke her. Immediately afterwards she went up to dress. She dare not attire herself for motoring, lest she should be seen by someone and arouse suspicion; but she put on her chin veil and her pocket.

It was not until she had actually started that she realised the risk, and she fervently blessed her childish ways that had prevented her from making friends in the neighbourhood.

She arrived at the moss-grown gates of the long-empty house before the motor, having avoided Bodlington by walking off on his bicycle the next morning she felt like a criminal. All the time she called herself terrible, hard names; but she heart sang. At lunch the food seemed to choke her. Immediately afterwards she went up to dress. She dare not attire herself for motoring, lest she should be seen by someone and arouse suspicion; but she put on her chin veil and her pocket.

It was not until she had actually started that she realised the risk, and she fervently blessed her childish ways that had prevented her from making friends in the neighbourhood.

She arrived at the moss-grown gates of the long-empty house before the motor, having avoided Bodlington by walking off on his bicycle the next morning she felt like a criminal. All the time she called herself terrible, hard names; but she heart sang. At lunch the food seemed to choke her. Immediately afterwards she went up to dress. She dare not attire herself for motoring, lest she should be seen by someone and arouse suspicion; but she put on her chin veil and her pocket.

It was not until she had actually started that she realised the risk, and she fervently blessed her childish ways that had prevented her from making friends in the neighbourhood.

She arrived at the moss-grown gates of the long-empty house before the motor, having avoided Bodlington by walking off on his bicycle the next morning she felt like a criminal. All the time she called herself terrible, hard names; but she heart sang. At lunch the food seemed to choke her. Immediately afterwards she went up to dress. She dare not attire herself for motoring, lest she should be seen by someone and arouse suspicion; but she put on her chin veil and her pocket.

It was not until she had actually started that she realised the risk, and she fervently blessed her childish ways that had prevented her from making friends in the neighbourhood.

She arrived at the moss-grown gates of the long-empty house before the motor, having avoided Bodlington by walking off on his bicycle the next morning she felt like a criminal. All the time she called herself terrible, hard names; but she heart sang. At lunch the food seemed to choke her. Immediately afterwards she went up to dress. She dare not attire herself for motoring, lest she should be seen by someone and arouse suspicion; but she put on her chin veil and her pocket.

It was not until she had actually started that she realised the risk, and she fervently blessed her childish ways that had prevented her from making friends in the neighbourhood.

She arrived at the moss-grown gates of the long-empty house before the motor, having avoided Bodlington by walking off on his bicycle the next morning she felt like a criminal. All the time she called herself terrible, hard names; but she heart sang. At lunch the food seemed to choke her. Immediately afterwards she went up to dress. She dare not attire herself for motoring, lest she should be seen by someone and arouse suspicion; but she put on her chin veil and her pocket.

It was not until she had actually started that she realised the risk, and she fervently blessed her childish ways that had prevented her from making friends in the neighbourhood.

She arrived at the moss-grown gates of the long-empty house before the motor, having avoided Bodlington by walking off on his bicycle the next morning she felt like a criminal. All the time she called herself terrible, hard names; but she heart sang. At lunch the food seemed to choke her. Immediately afterwards she went up to dress. She dare not attire herself for motoring, lest she should be seen by someone and arouse suspicion; but she put on her chin veil and her pocket.

It was not until she had actually started that she realised the risk, and she fervently blessed her childish ways that had prevented her from making friends in the neighbourhood.

She arrived at the moss-grown gates of the long-empty house before the motor, having avoided Bodlington by walking off on his bicycle the next morning she felt like a criminal. All the time she called herself terrible, hard names; but she heart sang. At lunch the food seemed to choke her. Immediately afterwards she went up to dress. She dare not attire herself for motoring, lest she should be seen by someone and arouse suspicion; but she put on her chin veil and her pocket.

It was not until she had actually started that she realised the risk, and she fervently blessed her childish ways that had prevented her from making friends in the neighbourhood.

She arrived at the moss-grown gates of the long-empty house before the motor, having avoided Bodlington by walking off on his bicycle the next morning she felt like a criminal. All the time she called herself terrible, hard names; but she heart sang. At lunch the food seemed to choke her. Immediately afterwards she went up to dress. She dare not attire herself for motoring, lest she should be seen by someone and arouse suspicion; but she put on her chin veil and her pocket.

It was not until she had actually started that she realised the risk, and she fervently blessed her childish ways that had prevented her from making friends in the neighbourhood.

She arrived at the moss-grown gates of the long-empty house before the motor, having avoided Bodlington by walking off on his bicycle the next morning she felt like a criminal. All the time she called herself terrible, hard names; but she heart sang. At lunch the food seemed to choke her. Immediately afterwards she went up to dress. She dare not attire herself for motoring, lest she should be seen by someone and arouse suspicion; but she put on her chin veil and her pocket.

It was not until she had actually started that she realised the risk, and she fervently blessed her childish ways that had prevented her from making friends in the neighbourhood.

She arrived at the moss-grown gates of the long-empty house before the motor, having avoided Bodlington by walking off on his bicycle the next morning she felt like a criminal. All the time she called herself terrible, hard names; but she heart sang. At lunch the food seemed to choke her. Immediately afterwards she went up to dress. She dare not attire herself for motoring, lest she should be seen by someone and arouse suspicion; but she put on her chin veil and her pocket.

It was not until she had actually started that she realised the risk, and she fervently blessed her childish ways that had prevented her from making friends in the neighbourhood.

She arrived at the moss-grown gates of the long-empty house before the motor, having avoided Bodlington by walking off on his bicycle the next morning she felt like a criminal. All the time she called herself terrible, hard names; but she heart sang. At lunch the food seemed to choke her. Immediately afterwards she went up to dress. She dare not attire herself for motoring, lest she should be seen by someone and arouse suspicion; but she put on her chin veil and her pocket.

It was not until she had actually started that she realised the risk, and she fervently blessed her childish ways that had prevented her from making friends in the neighbourhood.

She arrived at the moss-grown gates of the long-empty house before the motor, having avoided Bodlington by walking off on his bicycle the next morning she felt like a criminal. All the time she called herself terrible, hard names; but she heart sang. At lunch the food seemed to choke her. Immediately afterwards she went up to dress. She dare not attire herself for motoring, lest she should be seen by someone and arouse suspicion; but she put on her chin veil and her pocket.

It was not until she had actually started that she realised the risk, and she fervently blessed her childish ways that had prevented her from making friends in the neighbourhood.

She arrived at the moss-grown gates of the long-empty house before the motor, having avoided Bodlington by walking off on his bicycle the next morning she felt like a criminal. All the time she called herself terrible, hard names; but she heart sang. At lunch the food seemed to choke her. Immediately afterwards she went up to dress. She dare not attire herself for motoring, lest she should be seen by someone and arouse suspicion; but she put on her chin veil and her pocket.

It was not until she had actually started that she realised the risk, and she fervently blessed her childish ways that had prevented her from making friends in the neighbourhood.

She arrived at the moss-grown gates of the long-empty house before the motor, having avoided Bodlington by walking off on his bicycle the next morning she felt like a criminal. All the time she called herself terrible, hard names; but she heart sang. At lunch the food seemed to choke her. Immediately afterwards she went up to dress. She dare not attire herself for motoring, lest she should be seen by someone and arouse suspicion; but she put on her chin veil and her pocket.

It was not until she had actually started that she realised the risk, and she fervently blessed her childish ways that had prevented her from making friends in the neighbourhood.

"I only came this once," she whispered, her voice transfigured, like her face, "to tell you that I can't do it again. It's too risky—and oh, Tony, you mustn't! I mustn't see you. I dare not. I know it; I'm not going to lie to myself or to you. I'm in heaven now—and I mustn't be."

The man's face was very grave. He smiled with tenderness and perhaps a little shame, for he knew that never does a woman come in person to tell a man that she will not come again; and it was not a nice part that he was playing.

But he was reckless, for she drew him strongly, with her young face and her mature passion; and the afternoon sped on wings. They had tea at a wayside inn, and then he drove her back to the Park House.

"I shall be late," she exclaimed in horrified tones. "I must hurry."

"But you will come again?" the man pleaded. "You will send me a telegram the next day you can manage?"

"No—no, Tony—no! I dare not!"

He kissed her again, kissed her good-bye, and her lips quivered under his, and she wanted to weep for joy and misery and shame. But the joy was the strongest.

And it was exactly a week later that she sent him and her telegram, and that first stolen, happy afternoon was over, and then, as the weeks glided into months, and autumn cast her ruddy mantle upon the land, there was no week that did not see her.

Three of these moon-rides that, to Vanna, were like the very flight of gods through the air, and all this time Richard Tempest, who was really gaining recognition in the literary world, was extremely busy, and only too glad that Vanna should take long, health-giving walks, and only sorry that he could not accompany her.

Christmas passed. The year was ending. Christmas, and Joan would soon be home for her holidays—the daughter to whom the mother never gave a thought.

Six dream months for Vanna; six busy months for Dick, and happy ones, too, for his beloved Vanna seemed a new creature since her visit to London; contented with her home, tender to him, and so on every day, with never a single one of those dreadful outbursts of temper to mar the domestic harmony.

Dick was looking forward to a delightful Christmas. He had really made quite a little sum of money, and he was going to take his wife and daughter over to Paris. They would have to do it in quite a cheap way, but still they would have a great fun.

And then, one day, as he was looking for some—

scattered papers she discovered a large writing-table, a sheet of paper fluttered through his fingers, a letter, written in a hand that was vaguely familiar to him. He looked at it.

He saw that it began, "My darling"—and then he saw other words—"love—intolerable"—and, turning it over, at the end—"I kiss you with my hand, your sweet mouth"—and the signature—"Tony."

Who could the letter be? Only Vanna's. She was the only person who ever touched his papers; she must have dropped it. But what did it mean? Tony! Who was Tony?

Suddenly he grew cold right to his very heart, and his face became ashen and rigid, and he read the letter through.

It bore no date.

My darling—How long is this to go on? It is intolerable. Vanna, Vanna, I cannot live without you, and you tell me every time I see you, with your dear lips, that you cannot live without me. And yet you tell me that our love is hopeless, and now you tell me that you are full of romantic poverty that you cannot see any more, that it must stop. Ah, no, it cannot stop—all our meetings, our glorious rides, they are what I live on. If there were only nothing between us, my Vanna! I could give you everything—the life you want, the life you ought to live, all the good things, instead of this horrible poverty that is grinding the life out of you—your beautiful, bright spirit! You have said it so often and I echo it—If there were only nothing between us! And then we feel guilty—and your eyes drop, and I could fall at your feet and beg you to give up



## THE NEW MOODY AND SANKEY.

Pen-Portraits of the Famous  
American Revivalists, Torrey  
and Alexander.

## LIVING A PERFECT LIFE.

They Do Not Aim at Mere Emotional Thrills,  
But at Permanent Conversion.

Enthusiasm over the Torrey-Alexander campaign continues to grow. In three weeks the mission will be in London, and preparations on a huge scale have been and are being made.

Meanwhile the fire continues to spread in Liverpool, and thousands—many of high social position—have declared themselves converts.

And what manner of men are these who in so short a time have produced so wonderful a result?

Mr. Alexander is a tall, well-built, well-braced man in the prime of life. There is a suggestion of unrevealed strength in the well-knit frame; a something distinctly athletic in the whole aspect; in the hang of the broad shoulders and the poise of the strong head; a good, open, clean-shaven face tops the forceful frame.

The warm, brown eyes look steadily into your own from under definite black eyebrows. The mouth, clean-cut and firm, has also a suggestion of sweetness.

The accent is undoubtedly but not aggressively American. His frock coat, carefully-pressed trousers, stand-up collar, and black tie, are immaculate.

### EYES YOU CANNOT ESCAPE FROM.

For years, he tells you, he worked with a lifelong friend. Then he met Dr. Torrey, and was so impressed that he has linked his life with his. His admiration for his master is immense. "He is one," he says, "who goes to the heart of things."

There is nothing uncertain about him, and for twenty-four hours each day he lives the perfect life. "If all the clocks told 7.30 and Torrey said it was seven, I should believe Torrey," said Mr. Meyer once, "and I agree with him."

The first sight of Dr. Torrey is certainly impressive. That he is older and smaller than his disciple hardly strikes you. All you seem to see is a pair of light, piercing eyes, set in a grey frame. Their holding power is almost uncanny. While he speaks they seem to penetrate to the very centre of your being. But for the courtesy of the man the stare would be quite disconcerting.

His general appearance, wiry frame, careful dress, and American accent hardly impress themselves. The first thing you see and the last you remember is his lightning eyes in their grey setting.

A strong man this. For years the late Mr. Moody's right-hand, he has preached and taught in practically every nation under the sun.

Now he is coming to London, and from his campaign here he expects, as he told the *Daily Mirror*, yesterday, very great results.

### TITLED PEOPLE ANXIOUS TO HELP.

"Everything," he said, "is in our favour. The present religious revival is spreading like fire all over the country. It has penetrated to the very hearts of the people. The fame of it has long since reached London, and souls are ready to receive the good seed.

"Never was such an opportunity. Too often the appeal of a revival is purely emotional, and so is apt to influence the lower classes only. But our appeal is not primarily to the emotions, and realising this some of the highest in the land are preparing the way for us. I get letters from titled people of all beliefs anxious to help in every way they can. And it is a great work they are doing.

"We are exceptionally fortunate in having so much influence behind us, and I attribute our good fortune very largely to this absence of emotionalism in our teaching.

"People of high social standing are apt to suspect an appeal to their emotions. They will have no such cause to suspect us.

"Confess Christ through deep conviction—not through a momentary exaltation of the emotional faculties" is our motto. And that is why we hope for permanent results.

"For this reason we are beginning our campaign in the West End. For two months we shall hold

meetings in the Albert Hall, and if the result is not startling we shall be very grievously disappointed.

"But you must not suppose that we appeal to the leisured rich only. We appeal to rich and poor, hard worked and leisured alike.

"Concurrently with our meetings at the Albert Hall we shall have noon meetings for business men at the Cannon-street Hotel and other centres. "After two months we shall move to Brixton, and hold our services in a temporary building to be erected on the site of the new Town-hall. Later on we shall very likely take the Agricultural Hall. We shall be in London till the end of June. In September we visit Sheffield, and afterwards go on to Plymouth, probably finishing the year at Oxford.

"Do not think either," added Dr. Torrey, "that we despise the emotions. Many people are reached through their feelings who could not be reached in any other way. It is not our line, that is all. There are plenty of people to get a revival from that point of view. Evan Roberts appears to be one. I have never actually seen him, but I have the greatest belief in him.

"Our campaign in Liverpool has had splendidly satisfactory results, and if we do as well in London we shall have cause to be thankful."

## BRAVE AND GENEROUS.

Wounded War Correspondent's Tribute to  
Tibetan Gallantry and Dash.

Mr. Edmund Candler, the "Daily Mail" correspondent in Tibet, who was so badly wounded in a treacherous attack upon the British force, speaks most generously of his assailants in his book, "The Unveiling of Lhasa," which Mr. Edward Arnold has just published (15s. net).

Describing what happened, Mr. Candler says:—

The attack was so sudden that the first man was on me before I had time to draw my revolver.

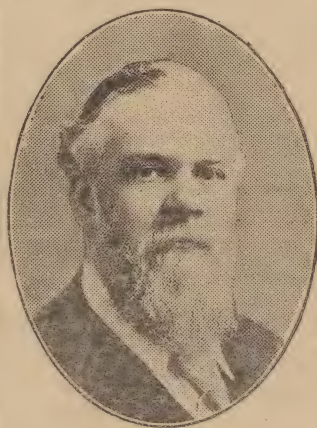
He came at me with his sword lifted in both hands over his head. He had a clear run of ten yards, and if I had not ducked and caught him by the knees he must have smashed my skull open.

Trying to rise, I was struck on the temple by a second swordsman, and the blade glanced off my skull.

I received the rest of my wounds, save one or two, on my hands—as I lay on my face I used them to protect my head.

Far from bearing the Tibetans a grudge, Mr. Candler magnanimously excuses their treachery. What could they have done? he asks. "They were

## THE EARL OF ELGIN,



Who is chairman of the Scottish Church Commission now sitting in Edinburgh.

not going to give in without having a fling. I hope I shall not be considered a pro-Tibetan when I say that I admire their gallantry and dash."

Mr. Candler had some very painful half-hours on his journey back to be nursed at the base. Some of his carriers "regarded the doolie with the invalid inside as a piece of baggage that had to be conveyed from one camp to another no matter how.

Others were so unsavoury that he could hardly bear their presence. Once they jumped into a stream, but they came out smelling even worse than before. "It was a relief to pass a dead mule."

Of Lhasa Mr. Candler did not think much, though he did not quite share the indifference of the "Tommiess," who paraded the streets "as if they were the New Cavendish or Lambeth Palace-road." Mr. Candler has a very interesting story to tell all through, and he tells it in a very pleasant, entertaining way.

## PUNISHMENT FOR GAMBLING.

A gambling-house in Knoxville, Tennessee, was recently raided by the police and a number of well-known young men were arrested. The girls of the city are demanding that the police make public the names of the men, threatening to cut the offenders' acquaintance.—"New York Tribune."

## WOULD-BE BRIDES.

Girls and Mature Widows Ask To Be  
Provided with Husbands.

## "MR. X" NOT THE ONLY ONE.

All Complain They Have No Opportunities  
of Meeting Possible Husbands.

Yesterday, the greater part of the correspondence on the matrimonial question was from unwilling bachelors beseeching that they might be found wives. To-day their letters are far outnumbered by those from would-be married women.

With the natural delicacy of their sex they have waited for a lead, but now they have entered the lists they have come so with true feminine abandon.

"Lonely," who writes from a country town in Surrey, describes herself as an "orphan spinster" with a private income, but who finds a single life "eminently unsatisfactory," especially as she is sociably inclined. "Marie," who has helped to bring up a family of six, is lonely now that they are all married, while a widow who writes from an address on the western outskirts of London reveals a very sad life.

At thirty-five I find myself a widow with one unmarried young sister, death having claimed every other relative and friend. We are devoted to one another, but it is not sufficient for our happiness.

The dreariness of our lives, alone, in this great London of ours, could not be imagined by anyone more happily situated. We do not require to marry for a house, as we already have a very nice one.—*EDITH M.*

Another letter is from the daughter of a late captain in the United States Army, who, at thirty-four, has no suitors, as, during her parents' life they were all quickly dismissed. Now, tall, dark, and of a happy nature, she but wishes for introduction to meet a man for whom she can care.

An extraordinary number of the letters are from quite young girls.

Writing from Leicester, and giving the name "A Girl from the Midlands," as well as her signature, one says:—

I am twenty-three years of age, and have a bright and cheerful disposition. I am fond of walking and cycling, and am told I am attractive.

My present life is a very happy one, but I feel that it would be still happier if I could find Mr. Right.

### "FAINT HEART NEVER WON."

A "Little Irish Girl" from Croydon must be very faint-hearted to need to have a husband found for her. She will not be twenty-one for some months yet, and will then come in for some money. She describes herself as fond of music and painting—thoroughly domesticated—dark hair, blue-grey eyes, and not too frivolous.

From Bromley comes a letter signed Violet, which tells of one of the most common reasons why so many attractive girls do not find husbands till well on in life.

I am twenty-four, fair, considered good-looking, very domesticated, can cook well, and turn my hand to many useful things; but I am living at home with my widowed mother, and so have not many opportunities of coming into contact with the opposite sex. I am afraid I shall have to remain single for the rest of my life through lack of opportunity.

A would-be bride from Putney writes a very concise letter. She says she is a bookkeeper, young, and "a fair hand at domestic affairs, though nothing extraordinary. Have got red hair and a good temper."

From Blackheath comes a rather formidable request.

I should like a good Christian man, a Baptist if possible, in a good position, kind and homely, generous and honourable, as I am myself.

Would-be brides for "Mr. X," in particular, are still sending in their names, but a number of correspondents have picked on others of the lonely bachelors.

The Leicester widow, who has been unmarried for thirteen years, has a number of hopeful letters. One spinster of thirty-nine offers, in case she should fall short of his ideal, to help him in his search for someone more congenial. Widows of ten, twelve, and seven and a half years are among them. The last writes:—

This mode of procedure is very unconventional, but when were rare natures hampered by proprieties?

Knowing, as I do, how lonely one's life can be without a partner, I feel the greatest pity for you. I think I can fairly lay claim to being sensible. I am thirty-six, height 5ft. 2in., fair, and of an amiable disposition.

## THE SINGLE LIFE DISCUSSED.

I was once engaged to a girl for two years. She quarrelled with me constantly, although she accepted my presents. I found one day that she corresponded with two other men, each of whom was ignorant of the other's existence. I broke with her at once. No wonder people say men don't marry. ONE WHO HAS NARROWLY ESCAPED.

### A GERMAN VIEW.

I am a bachelor of thirty-two with a small fortune and a good income, and having now all that is wanted, would like to get married, but I have had no opportunity yet to make the acquaintance of a girl to my ideas.

There are few facilities for a young man to get married in this country as on the Continent, where

a girl is provided by her parents with a dowry consisting of all the linen, furniture, etc., whereas nearly every young man here has to provide most of it himself.

If I marry I expect much of the girl in the way of a fortune as I have myself—to live comfortable and happy both should be on an equal.

A WOULD-BE MARRIED MAN.  
Hatton Garden.

### "HONOUR THY FATHER AND MOTHER."

I am a bachelor, aged thirty-seven, but not so from choice. For the past fifteen years I have supported an invalid mother.

Now I am free to marry, and intend to do so as soon as possible. Single life is no life for me longer than I can help.

Many men are unmarried for the same reason as myself. W. H.  
Paddington.

### THE PERFECT CONDITION.

After twelve years of married life, and whilst still young, I lost a good and loving husband. The twelve and a half years that have elapsed since he was taken from me I can only describe as "one long agony."

I fail to comprehend how it is possible that there can be any question raised to marriage being the most perfect condition on earth—provided the motive for marrying is not a base or unworthy one. MATRON.

### EARLY ELECTION.

General Agreement that the Great Fight  
Cannot Be Long Delayed.

A few weeks ago the *Daily Mirror* was alone in predicting that there would be a general election sooner than most people imagined. Now the cry of an early spring dissolution is heard on every side.

Here are some of the utterances of Ministers and others delivered during the past day or two:—

Mr. Arnold-Forster, Secretary for War: Speaking with regard to the forthcoming general election, he said that a hard fight was inevitable, and even then he was not so sure that the Conservatives would win.

Mr. Walter Long, President of the Local Government Board: He did not think a reverse at the general election would do much harm. A hard fight was inevitable, and he did not feel sure that the Conservatives would win.

Mr. Parker Smith, M.P.: He did not think that the general election was very far off, and the sooner it came the better. He thought the time had come for an explicit expression of the nation's opinion on various issues.

Mr. C. A. Vince, Secretary of the Imperial Tariff Committee: He had received no intimation on the subject, but preparations were being made for any eventuality. As March had been mentioned as the date, arrangements would be made accordingly.

## WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING.

### Motoring in Winter.

Why do so many people put away their motor-cars for the winter? Of all al fresco joys commend me to a motor run when the earth is enveloped in a mantle of snow.—Mr. A. J. Wilson, in the "Autocar."

### Is Lynching Dying Out?

Criminal statistics collected and published in Chicago show that in 1904 eighty-six lynchings occurred in this country. This is the smallest number recorded in any one year since 1895.—"Brooklyn Daily Eagle."

### Uneducated Japan.

Japan may well become the first of Asiatic powers, but in the field of culture she will never be able to compete with the European nations.—"A Russian Statesman" in the "Deutsche Revue" (Stuttgart).

### No German Competitors Feared.

Amidst so much doleful talk of the ill-effects of foreign competition on British trade, it is highly comforting to find that in the province of picture-postcards it is possible for British firms to compete at least on fair terms with Teutonic rivals.—"The Picture-Postcard."

### Children Over-excited.

It is not only the grown-ups who enjoy too much pleasure at this season, the children suffer also from a plethora of excitement. It can easily be understood why we see so many black young folk who have lost the power of pure and simple enjoyment, and who don't believe in fairy-tales.—Lady Violet Greville in the "Graphic."

### Fashions in Suicide.

Since the death of M. Syveton suicide by means of turning on gas-taps has become very frequent. After the war in 1870 the revolver was fashionable. Under Napoleon people used to shoot themselves with muskets, and about 1880 a jump from the Vendôme column was the favourite plan.—"Gaulois" (Paris).







# A WOMAN BUILDER AND THE WORK SHE DOES.

## BRICKS AND MORTAR.

### A PROFESSION AT ONCE ARDUOUS AND INTERESTING.

Miss Elspeth McClelland is tremendously busy, as the first woman who has taken up such a many-sided profession as that of building is likely to be. And in order to hear all about it I had to follow her into a hansom and take my seat beside her as she raced to catch a train at Pad-

only feminine student among the 600 men in the class. Miss McClelland is sure that she will make a success of her work, for, as she says most rightly, women with their intimate and practical knowledge of domestic affairs, must know what is wanted in a house better than a man. She thinks, too, that every house ought to be specially designed and built for the very people who are going to live in it. After all, different people live such different lives that they must require different kinds of houses in which to live them. For instance, some do a great deal of entertaining and want big reception-rooms. Others, again, never entertain at

a linen cupboard in the bathroom heated by the hot-water pipes on their way to the bath. By this means all the linen is aired automatically, and time and fuel are saved.

When the advantages to be gained of having one's house designed and built by a woman are realised, there will, probably, be found others to follow in the footsteps of Miss McClelland. It is a difficult, because, as we have said, so many-sided a business to learn. It means attending classes not only in building instruction, but in architecture, geometry, mechanical drawing, and surveying. A knowledge of the approximate prices of building materials must be acquired, and it is necessary to keep oneself au courant with the fluctuations of the market by studying the building periodicals. Yet, with all her hard work, Miss

## BEAUTIFUL JEWELLERY.

### A VERY BEAUTIFUL GOLD SNAKE NECKLACE.

Women of fashion now adorn even their hats with splendid jewels, in the form of brooches, enriched with pearls, diamonds, or turquoises. Then there are safety-pin clasps, both long and short, which are destined to fix the hat on the head and are very effective in design.

There are many necklaces of new designs, including the strings of beads that are so fashionable, some amber, others corneal, and others opal. Pearls are just as modish as ever, and the rows are gathered together with superb designs representing fine floral decorations in brilliants. A beautiful necklace seen lately was composed of two snakes of chased gold with entwined tails. Their heads, one of which was crowned with a diamond, the other with a ruby, faced each other, and seemed to be biting a dainty pink pearl. Rubies served as their wicked little eyes.

### Endless Hat Combs.

The variety of hat pins and hair combs seen is endless. Flowers and foliage are the prevailing motifs for the hat pins, and among the favourite designs are the iris flower and the sunflower, made of gold enamelled in the proper colours. Others that are also very popular consist of a large baroque pearl surrounded with thistle leaves delicately wrought. An exquisite and original comb is carried out in blonde tortoiseshell, with the head of an owl on the rim, made of gold, with rubies for the eyes. Long chains retain their popularity, and the latest idea in this direction consists of links of chased gold alternating with small opal beads. It is still fashionable to attach coins, charms, and medallions to such chains.

## DOCTOR'S GAIN.

### Medicine Failed, but he got back to Health on Food.

Proper food helps doctors really more than any thing else in many cases.

A well-known specialist says:

"I have been afflicted with rheumatism and stomach trouble for about four years, and have taken my own medicine, also received treatment from other doctors, but I did not seem to get relief.

"One year ago I made arrangements to go under a special line of treatment, but just then my father was taken so ill that I could not leave him. At that time we both began to use Grape-Nuts food three times a day, and soon found some remarkable changes going on.

"It not only cured my father, but it has completely cured my stomach trouble, and has done my rheumatism more good than all the drugs I have ever taken. It has also helped a great many of my patients.

"From my observation I am convinced there is more strength in one package of Grape-Nuts than there is in many pounds of beef or bread.

"All of my own nervousness and sleeplessness are gone, and I have increased my weight from 8st. 3lb. to 10st. 11lb., so you see the food has made me robust and healthy." Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66, Shoe Lane, E.C.

It is an undisputed fact that there is more nourishment the body can use in one pound of Grape-Nuts than in ten pounds of meat, wheat, oats, or bread, as trial quickly proves. "There's a reason."

Look in each packet for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."



This hat is made of rough white felt, and is trimmed with green velvet and white wings.



The Abbe hat in black beaver, with a bunch of white violets beneath the brim.



A brown hat swathed with mandarin velvet and decorated with bunches of apricot-coloured roses.

dington. How did she come to think of taking up the business was my first question. The reply was that she began as a house decorator, and found that in the course of her work clients were always asking her to make alterations. A window would want knocking out here, a staircase putting up there. When it came to consulting the builder, he, with much prejudice at the back of his mind, generally maintained that it would be impossible to execute the order just as desired. So Miss McClelland determined to master the laws of building for herself.

Her first step was to endeavour to join the building class at the Regent-street Polytechnic Institute. Yet, although, this was not one of the classes from which women are excluded, a lady had never been so bold as to request admission before, and she had to interview every official in the place before she was finally installed as the

all, and large apartments would be quite out of place for them.

One has to go out to the young Far West of America to find every man his own architect. There, all imaginable styles and sizes of houses, designed according to each owner's individual fancy, are seen side by side in a motley and intensely interesting crowd. We do not expect ever to come

McClelland is thoroughly in love with this new enterprise of hers, in which we wish her all the success she deserves for having taken the initiative by becoming the first woman builder.

## FRESH EGGS.

### HOW TO TEST THEIR AGE.

To ascertain the freshness of eggs without breaking them, fold the hands round the egg, hold it between the sun or a bright light and yourself, and look through it. If the yolk appears round, and the white surrounding it clear, it is fresh. A good egg will also sink when dropped into a bucket of water; if it topples round in the water, apparently standing on its end, it is fairly fresh; if it floats, beware of it. The shell of a fresh egg looks dull and porous; that of an old egg is thin, and shines. When eggs are kept any length of time they lose water by evaporation through the pores of the shell, and rattle or shake. This is not a sign of particular staleness, although stale eggs do rattle.



Charming Princess dress for a child, carried out in white muslin, with pleated flounces upon the bodice and skirt.

to that, but a break in the deadly uniformity of our streets would indeed be welcome.

There is one thing that one can be quite sure of in the house designed by a woman—the harder would not be to the south. A woman will have had far too much experience of the difficulty of keeping food in the summer to make this common mistake. Also the old fashion of putting plenty of cupboards will be restored, for the feminine architect realises what an immense boon these are to the housewife in helping to keep the home tidy. She will not forget that excellent arrangement of

## 3,000 HOME HINTS FREE!

### SEND POST CARD TO-DAY FOR

### H. SAMUEL'S BIG FREE BOOK.

The Brightest Guide to Bargains in Watches, Diamonds, Jewellery, Plate, etc. SOLD AT FACTORY PRICES DIRECT, SAVING HALF.

H. SAMUEL, No. 53, Market Street, MANCHESTER.

## THE HOLBORN SILK MARKET, HOLBORN BARS.

### OUR GREAT SALE, PREVIOUS TO STOCKTAKING, IS NOW ON.

Our stock has been thoroughly revised, and great reductions in prices made.

We have also made large purchases at great sacrifices from cost prices of clearing Lots of Surplus Stocks from Manufacturers, Wholesale Warehousemen, West End Traders, etc. These are on sale very, very cheap.

**FANCY SILKS.**—Clearing lines. Wonderful bargains at 84d., 74d., 64d., 54d., 44d., 34d., 24d., 14d., 10d., 8d., 6d., 4d., 3d., 2d., 1d., 1/2d., 1/4d., 1/8d., 1/16d., 1/32d., 1/64d., 1/128d., 1/256d., 1/512d., 1/1024d., 1/2048d., 1/4096d., 1/8192d., 1/16384d., 1/32768d., 1/65536d., 1/131072d., 1/262144d., 1/524288d., 1/1048576d., 1/2097152d., 1/4194304d., 1/8388608d., 1/16777216d., 1/33554432d., 1/67108864d., 1/134217728d., 1/268435456d., 1/536870912d., 1/1073741824d., 1/2147483648d., 1/4294967296d., 1/8589934592d., 1/17179869184d., 1/34359738368d., 1/68719476736d., 1/137438953472d., 1/274877906944d., 1/549755813888d., 1/1099511627776d., 1/2199023255552d., 1/4398046511104d., 1/8796093022208d., 1/17592186044416d., 1/35184372088832d., 1/70368744177664d., 1/140737488355328d., 1/281474976710656d., 1/562949953421312d., 1/1125899906842624d., 1/2251799813685248d., 1/4503599627370496d., 1/9007199254740992d., 1/18014398509481984d., 1/36028797018963968d., 1/72057594037927936d., 1/144115188075855872d., 1/288230376151711744d., 1/576460752303423488d., 1/1152921504606846976d., 1/2305843009213693952d., 1/4611686018427387904d., 1/9223372036854775808d., 1/18446744073709551616d., 1/36893488147419103232d., 1/73786976294838206464d., 1/147573952589676412928d., 1/295147905179352825856d., 1/590295810358705651712d., 1/1180591620717411303424d., 1/2361183241434822606848d., 1/4722366482869645213696d., 1/9444732965739290427392d., 1/18889465931478580854784d., 1/37778931862957161709568d., 1/75557863725914323419136d., 1/151115727451828646838272d., 1/302231454903657293676544d., 1/604462909807314587353088d., 1/1208925819614629174706176d., 1/2417851639229258349412352d., 1/4835703278458516698824704d., 1/9671406556917033397649408d., 1/19342813113834066795298816d., 1/38685626227668133590597632d., 1/77371252455336267181195264d., 1/154742504910672534362390528d., 1/309485009821345068724781056d., 1/618970019642690137449562112d., 1/1237940039285380274899124224d., 1/2475880078570760549798248448d., 1/4951760157141521099596496896d., 1/9903520314283042199192993792d., 1/19807040628566084398385987584d., 1/39614081257132168796771975168d., 1/79228162514264337593543950336d., 1/158456325028528675187087900672d., 1/316912650057057350374175801344d., 1/633825300114114700748351602688d., 1/1267650600228229401496703205376d., 1/2535301200456458802993406410752d., 1/5070602400912917605986812821504d., 1/10141204801825835211973625643008d., 1/20282409603651670423947251286016d., 1/40564819207303340847894502572032d., 1/81129638414606681695789005144064d., 1/162259276829213363391578010288128d., 1/324518553658426726783156020576256d., 1/649037107316853453566312041152512d., 1/1298074214633706907132624082305024d., 1/2596148429267413814265248164610048d., 1/5192296858534827628530496329220096d., 1/10384593717069655257060992658440192d., 1/20769187434139310514121985316880384d., 1/41538374868278621028243970633760768d., 1/83076749736557242056487941267521536d., 1/166153499473114484112975882535043072d., 1/332306998946228968225951765070086144d., 1/664613997892457936451903530140172288d., 1/1329227995784915872903807060280344576d., 1/26584559915698317458076141205606891536d., 1/53169119831396634916152282411213783072d., 1/106338239662793269832304564822427566144d., 1/212676479325586539664609129644855132288d., 1/425352958651173079329218259289710264576d., 1/850705917302346158658436518579420529152d., 1/1701411834604692317316873037158841058304d., 1/3402823669209384634633746074317682116608d., 1/6805647338418769269267492148635364233216d., 1/13611294676837538538534984297270728466432d., 1/27222589353675077077069968594541456932672d., 1/54445178707350154154139937189082913865344d., 1/108890357414700308308279874378165827730688d., 1/217780714829400616616559748756331655461376d., 1/435561429658801233233119497512663310922752d., 1/871122859317602466466238995025326621845504d., 1/1742245718635204932932477990050652437691008d., 1/3484491437270409865864955980101304875382016d., 1/6968982874540819731729911960202609750764032d., 1/13937965749081639463459823200405219501528064d., 1/27875931498163278926919646400810439003056128d., 1/55751862996326557853839292801620878006112512d., 1/111503725992653115707678585603241756012225024d., 1/223007451985306231415357171206483512024450048d., 1/446014903970612462830714342412967024049000096d., 1/892029807941224925661428684825934048098000192d., 1/1784059615882449851322857369651868096196000384d., 1/3568119231764899702645714739303736192392000768d., 1/7136238463529799405291429478607472384784001536d., 1/14272476927059598810582858957214944769568003072d., 1/28544953854119197621165717914429889539136006144d., 1/57089907708238395242331435828859779078272012288d., 1/114179815416476790484662871657719558156544024576d., 1/228359630832953580969325743315439116313088049152d., 1/456719261665907161938651486630878232226176098304d., 1/913438523331814323877302973261756464452352196608d., 1/1826877046663628647754605946523512928904704393216d., 1/3653754093327257295509211893047025857809408786432d., 1/7307508186654514591018423786094051715618815572864d., 1/14615016373309029182036847572188103431237631145728d., 1/29230032746618058364073695144376206862475262291456d., 1/58460065493236116728147390288752413724950524582912d., 1/116920130986472233456294780577504827449901049165824d., 1/233840261972944466912589561155009654899802098331648d., 1/467680523945888933825179122310019309799604196663296d., 1/935361047891777867650358244620038619599208393326592d., 1/1870722095783555735300716489240077239198416786653184d., 1/3741444191567111470601432978480154478396833573306368d., 1/7482888383134222941202865956960308956793667146612736d., 1/14965776766268445882405731913920617913587334293225472d., 1/29931553532536891764811463827841235827174668586450944d., 1/59863107065073783529622927655682471654349337172901888d., 1/119726214130147567059245855311364943308698674345803776d., 1/239452428260295134118491710622729886617397348691607552d., 1/478904856520590268236983421245459773234794697383215104d., 1/957809713041180536473966842490919546469589394766430208d., 1/1915619426082361072947933649981839092939178789532860416d., 1/3831238852164722145895867299963678185878357579065720832d., 1/7662477704329444291791734599927356371756715158131441664d., 1/153249554086588885835834691998541227435134303162628832d., 1/306499108173177771671669383997082454870268606325257664d., 1/612998216346355543343338767994164909740537212650515328d., 1/122599643269271108668667753598832981948107442530103056d., 1/245199286538542217337335507197665963896214885060206112d., 1/490398573077084434674671014395331927792429770120412224d., 1/980797146154168869349342028790663855584859540240824448d., 1/1961594292288337738698684057581327711169719080481648896d., 1/3923188584576675477397368115162655422339438160963297792d., 1/7846377169153350954794736230325310844678876321926595584d., 1/15692754338306701909589472460650621689357752643853191168d., 1/31385508676613403819178944921301243378715505287706382336d., 1/62771017353226807638357889842602486757431010575412764672d., 1/125542034706453615276715779685204973514862021150825529344d., 1/251084069412907230553431559370409947029724042301651058688d., 1/502168138825814461106863118740819894059448084603302117376d., 1/1004336277651628922213726237481638788118896169206604234752d., 1/2008672555303257844427452474963277576237792338413208469504d., 1/4017345110606515688854904949926555152475584676826416939008d., 1/8034690221213031377709809899853110304951169353652833878016d., 1/1606938044242606275541961979970622060990233870730566756032d., 1/3213876088485212551083923959941244121980467741461133512064d., 1/6427752176970425102167847919882488243960935482922267024128d., 1/12855504353940850204335695839764976487921870965844534048256d., 1/25711008707881700408671391679529952975843741931689068095012d., 1/51422017415763400817342783359059905951687483863378136190024d., 1/102844034831526801634685566718119811903374967726756272380048d., 1/205688069663053603269371133436239623806749935453512544760096d., 1/411376139326107206538742266872479247613499870907025089520192d., 1/822752278652214413077484533744958495226999741814050179040384d., 1/1645504557304428826154969067489916904453999483628100358080768d., 1/3291009114608857652309938134979833808907998967256200716161536d., 1/6582018229217715304619876269959667617815997934512401432323072d., 1/1316403645843543060923975253991933523563199586902480286466112d., 1/2632807291687086121847950507983867047126399173804960572932224d., 1/5265614583374172243695901015967734094252798347609921145864448d., 1/10531229166748344487391802031935468188505596895219842297288896d., 1/210624583334966889747836040638709363770111937904396845



Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. The terminal Deposit Bonds pay nearly 9 per cent., and are a safe investment. Write or call for prospectus.



## THE LEAGUE AND DELINQUENT CLUBS.

### Weekly Programmes and Criticism Expert Reporters and the League.

#### CHAMPIONSHIP PROSPECTS.

The Management Committee of the Football League certainly intends to keep a tight hand on the reins of government, judging by the action taken at the meeting of the last meeting. Thus, Sunderland's appeal against the fine of £50 imposed for breach of rules, being out of the referee's jurisdiction, was rejected by the F.A., was curiously dismissed, so that the Wearshires, if they wish to pursue the matter further, will have to bring the matter before the Appeals Committee. This procedure, I should think, will not be taken, and it would be better on all hands to allow the whole business to lapse into oblivion as quickly as possible. Stoke, too, are called upon for an explanation as to the contents in the weekly programme issued on their ground, in all respects, and for the purpose, independent publications, run and controlled by outside speculators.

Mr. Bentley and Press Critics.

The most drastic decision of all, however, was to the effect of barring from appointments any referees or gamekeepers who were not members of the Press. The main argument used, and I am quoting the president of the League, appears to be that the necessary individual criticism would bring the writer into antagonism with either players or fellow officials.

At the same time, Mr. Bentley sees no objection to referees or gamekeepers writing about the game in a "general" sense, which, to my mind, is hardly consistent with the ruling already mentioned. The chief value from a journalistic point of view of the new method of dealing with football is the fact that the opinions expressed are those of experts, and I can see no advantage at all in literature at all in the game in general and any single match in particular.

With about half the season gone, Newcastle United not only lead the League table, but have a lead which should be of the utmost value later on. No doubt the Newcastle players are fortunate in not having a long list of injured players, though I note both Orr and Bradbury were able to play on Saturday. Still, compared with most clubs—Blackburn Rovers in particular—the United have little reason to complain, and their reserves are so strong and capable that I confidently look forward to the St. James's Park contingent becoming champions for the first time.

#### Everton and Newcastle.

Newcastle's remaining fourteen matches are equally spiky as any and each will depend on the result of their experiences at Everton and Manchester. Everton would have possessed an excellent chance but for their narrow defeat at Bramall Lane. They are still dangerous, for they have probably the easiest programme to fulfil of any club yet in the running for the championship, though both Manchester City and Small Heath are at home for the balance of their remaining engagements.

At the other end of the table, they have come on by leaps and bounds. Their feat of obtaining sixteen points in their last twelve matches speaks volumes for the vast improvement made by the ex-Cupholders since the end of October, when not a single victory had been gained in nine engagements.

Notts County are apparently in a hopeless position, and Middlesbrough are little better off. Fresh blood is urgently needed at Trent Bridge and Ayresome Park.

In the Second Division the race for the topmost position between Liverpool, Manchester, Hull, and Derby Wanderers is dwarfing everything else. Both the latter clubs have yet to visit Anfield, and the question of promotion undoubtedly will be decided on the result of the two matches. Liverpool have also to go to Bristol, and I am inclined to think that Manchester United will come out on top, with Bolton second, though in any case it is sure to be a very near thing between the two for the two coveted places at the head of the table.

#### Manchester United Likely Winners.

On present form the United club distinctly possess the best chance, and their performance in making a goal at Bristol on Saturday was a very good omen for the day, seeing that the visitors had practically but one more capable man in the second half.

So far the most important game of to-morrow is the meeting of Everton and Newcastle United at Goodison Park. It will indeed be a veritable battle of the giants, and should provide one of the most exciting matches of the year. Both sides are wonderfully strong in every department, and big efforts are being made to get the best of the invincible Sharp, of Everton, and Orr and McCracken, of the United, fit and well. It is hard to see how should prove a distinct advantage to the Evertonians, and I have a prediction that they will win, though it would not be surprising to find the United short of a home.

Another match which has a bearing on the championship is the one at Small Heath, where Sheffield United will make a big effort to obtain the maximum points—revenge for the defeat at the hands of the Wolves, and take them to the top of the table. The Wolves, who have taken them to the top of the table, will have to be careful. The "Heathens" have, however, only lost twice at Small Heath, and were defeated by the old goal at Sheffield. Since the Birmingham team were improved out of all recognition, and should be quite capable of defeating their opponents from Bramall Lane.

#### The Rovers' Bad Luck.

Blackburn Rovers have so many players laid aside that the visit to Stoke will be a struggle with a vengeance. The latest victim to injury is the popular Robert Groom, who strained his ankle at Aston, and will be kept out of the match for a month. The loss of Groom is a serious one, for "Potters" should get a valuable couple of points, which, in passing, I might say are sorely needed.

Everton have a strong chance of securing a victory against Sheffield Wednesday, who, by the way, have just paid £200 for the transfer of Britton, a Cheshire-born player who was the best player in the Stockport County register. Wednesday will have nothing to throw against Bury, who have reintroduced the versatile Long into the team.

Woolwich Arsenal should have no difficulty in breaking their recent spell of non-success at the expense of Middlesbrough.

Still unbeaten at home, Manchester City, even with their present weakened forces, will surely vanquish Notts Forest. Sunderland, who have been the victims of the Wanderers should secure a victory, and at Derby the County may just scramble through against Preston.

Notts Forest's wretched display at Bury augurs badly for their chances against Aston Villa, who have only to go to Nottingham to conquer.

## Daily Bargains.

**NOTICE.**—When replying to Advertisements addressed to the "Daily Mirror" Office no remittance should be enclosed in the first instance.

### Dress.

**A. A. A. Credit Tailoring.**—High-class suits and overcoats to measure, 55, monthly; perfect fit guaranteed; patterns and Booklet "E" sent free; please call—Wittam Tailoring Company, 231, Old-st., City, E.C.4.

**A. A. A. Send 5s. 11d.** and measurements (waist and length) for beautiful Skirt, made specially for you, lined in black or blue; honestly worth 10s.; offer made during January to introduce our tailor-made skirts; orders executed in rotation; don't delay—Bawling, Bedford, Notts.

**A. 9s. PARCEL—UNDERLINING.**—Eldon's Ladies' chemises, knickers, petticoats; 3 beautiful nightdresses, 10s. 6d.; approval—Mrs. Scott, 25, Univerged, Shepherd's Bush.

**A. DAINTY GINGALEE LAWN.**—Dainty and inexpensive; patterns free—Clinges, 52, Aldermanbury, E.C.4.

**A. BARGAIN.**—Elegant fur set, long black caress, Du-hesse Style; fashionable broad shoulders; beautifully rich and curly, with handsome large muff to match; perfectly new; 12s. 6d.; approval—Amy, Foot, 90, Fleet-st., E.C.4.

**A. BARGAIN.** 10s. 6d. parcel; 5 Chemises, 3 Knickers, 2 Petticoats, 3 Nightdresses, 10s. 6d.—D.A., 69, Union-st., Clapham.

### Dress.

**2/- PER PAIR.**—Genuine Police and Army Trousers; grand for work or evening; carried by H. Harrow and Co., 61, Bruce Castle-st., Tottenham.

**2/6 DOWN** will secure you fashionable Overcoat or Suit to measure—Scott and Co., 55, St. Style Court, 210, 64, Chesapeake, and 266, Edgeware-st.

### Miscellaneous.

**A BARGAIN.**—Handsome set Sheffield Cutlery; 12 large knives, 12 small, meat carvers, steel; Crayford ivory handles; unused; 11s. 9d.; approval—Madam, Foot, 90, Fleet-st., London.

**CHARMING** coloured Miniatures, from any photograph, by hand; 10s. 6d.; 6d.; 3d.; 1s. 6d.; 2s. 6d.; 3s. 6d.; 4s. 6d.; 5s. 6d.; 6s. 6d.; 7s. 6d.; 8s. 6d.; 9s. 6d.; 10s. 6d.; 11s. 6d.; 12s. 6d.; 13s. 6d.; 14s. 6d.; 15s. 6d.; 16s. 6d.; 17s. 6d.; 18s. 6d.; 19s. 6d.; 20s. 6d.; 21s. 6d.; 22s. 6d.; 23s. 6d.; 24s. 6d.; 25s. 6d.; 26s. 6d.; 27s. 6d.; 28s. 6d.; 29s. 6d.; 30s. 6d.; 31s. 6d.; 32s. 6d.; 33s. 6d.; 34s. 6d.; 35s. 6d.; 36s. 6d.; 37s. 6d.; 38s. 6d.; 39s. 6d.; 40s. 6d.; 41s. 6d.; 42s. 6d.; 43s. 6d.; 44s. 6d.; 45s. 6d.; 46s. 6d.; 47s. 6d.; 48s. 6d.; 49s. 6d.; 50s. 6d.; 51s. 6d.; 52s. 6d.; 53s. 6d.; 54s. 6d.; 55s. 6d.; 56s. 6d.; 57s. 6d.; 58s. 6d.; 59s. 6d.; 60s. 6d.; 61s. 6d.; 62s. 6d.; 63s. 6d.; 64s. 6d.; 65s. 6d.; 66s. 6d.; 67s. 6d.; 68s. 6d.; 69s. 6d.; 70s. 6d.; 71s. 6d.; 72s. 6d.; 73s. 6d.; 74s. 6d.; 75s. 6d.; 76s. 6d.; 77s. 6d.; 78s. 6d.; 79s. 6d.; 80s. 6d.; 81s. 6d.; 82s. 6d.; 83s. 6d.; 84s. 6d.; 85s. 6d.; 86s. 6d.; 87s. 6d.; 88s. 6d.; 89s. 6d.; 90s. 6d.; 91s. 6d.; 92s. 6d.; 93s. 6d.; 94s. 6d.; 95s. 6d.; 96s. 6d.; 97s. 6d.; 98s. 6d.; 99s. 6d.; 100s. 6d.; 101s. 6d.; 102s. 6d.; 103s. 6d.; 104s. 6d.; 105s. 6d.; 106s. 6d.; 107s. 6d.; 108s. 6d.; 109s. 6d.; 110s. 6d.; 111s. 6d.; 112s. 6d.; 113s. 6d.; 114s. 6d.; 115s. 6d.; 116s. 6d.; 117s. 6d.; 118s. 6d.; 119s. 6d.; 120s. 6d.; 121s. 6d.; 122s. 6d.; 123s. 6d.; 124s. 6d.; 125s. 6d.; 126s. 6d.; 127s. 6d.; 128s. 6d.; 129s. 6d.; 130s. 6d.; 131s. 6d.; 132s. 6d.; 133s. 6d.; 134s. 6d.; 135s. 6d.; 136s. 6d.; 137s. 6d.; 138s. 6d.; 139s. 6d.; 140s. 6d.; 141s. 6d.; 142s. 6d.; 143s. 6d.; 144s. 6d.; 145s. 6d.; 146s. 6d.; 147s. 6d.; 148s. 6d.; 149s. 6d.; 150s. 6d.; 151s. 6d.; 152s. 6d.; 153s. 6d.; 154s. 6d.; 155s. 6d.; 156s. 6d.; 157s. 6d.; 158s. 6d.; 159s. 6d.; 160s. 6d.; 161s. 6d.; 162s. 6d.; 163s. 6d.; 164s. 6d.; 165s. 6d.; 166s. 6d.; 167s. 6d.; 168s. 6d.; 169s. 6d.; 170s. 6d.; 171s. 6d.; 172s. 6d.; 173s. 6d.; 174s. 6d.; 175s. 6d.; 176s. 6d.; 177s. 6d.; 178s. 6d.; 179s. 6d.; 180s. 6d.; 181s. 6d.; 182s. 6d.; 183s. 6d.; 184s. 6d.; 185s. 6d.; 186s. 6d.; 187s. 6d.; 188s. 6d.; 189s. 6d.; 190s. 6d.; 191s. 6d.; 192s. 6d.; 193s. 6d.; 194s. 6d.; 195s. 6d.; 196s. 6d.; 197s. 6d.; 198s. 6d.; 199s. 6d.; 200s. 6d.; 201s. 6d.; 202s. 6d.; 203s. 6d.; 204s. 6d.; 205s. 6d.; 206s. 6d.; 207s. 6d.; 208s. 6d.; 209s. 6d.; 210s. 6d.; 211s. 6d.; 212s. 6d.; 213s. 6d.; 214s. 6d.; 215s. 6d.; 216s. 6d.; 217s. 6d.; 218s. 6d.; 219s. 6d.; 220s. 6d.; 221s. 6d.; 222s. 6d.; 223s. 6d.; 224s. 6d.; 225s. 6d.; 226s. 6d.; 227s. 6d.; 228s. 6d.; 229s. 6d.; 230s. 6d.; 231s. 6d.; 232s. 6d.; 233s. 6d.; 234s. 6d.; 235s. 6d.; 236s. 6d.; 237s. 6d.; 238s. 6d.; 239s. 6d.; 240s. 6d.; 241s. 6d.; 242s. 6d.; 243s. 6d.; 244s. 6d.; 245s. 6d.; 246s. 6d.; 247s. 6d.; 248s. 6d.; 249s. 6d.; 250s. 6d.; 251s. 6d.; 252s. 6d.; 253s. 6d.; 254s. 6d.; 255s. 6d.; 256s. 6d.; 257s. 6d.; 258s. 6d.; 259s. 6d.; 260s. 6d.; 261s. 6d.; 262s. 6d.; 263s. 6d.; 264s. 6d.; 265s. 6d.; 266s. 6d.; 267s. 6d.; 268s. 6d.; 269s. 6d.; 270s. 6d.; 271s. 6d.; 272s. 6d.; 273s. 6d.; 274s. 6d.; 275s. 6d.; 276s. 6d.; 277s. 6d.; 278s. 6d.; 279s. 6d.; 280s. 6d.; 281s. 6d.; 282s. 6d.; 283s. 6d.; 284s. 6d.; 285s. 6d.; 286s. 6d.; 287s. 6d.; 288s. 6d.; 289s. 6d.; 290s. 6d.; 291s. 6d.; 292s. 6d.; 293s. 6d.; 294s. 6d.; 295s. 6d.; 296s. 6d.; 297s. 6d.; 298s. 6d.; 299s. 6d.; 300s. 6d.; 301s. 6d.; 302s. 6d.; 303s. 6d.; 304s. 6d.; 305s. 6d.; 306s. 6d.; 307s. 6d.; 308s. 6d.; 309s. 6d.; 310s. 6d.; 311s. 6d.; 312s. 6d.; 313s. 6d.; 314s. 6d.; 315s. 6d.; 316s. 6d.; 317s. 6d.; 318s. 6d.; 319s. 6d.; 320s. 6d.; 321s. 6d.; 322s. 6d.; 323s. 6d.; 324s. 6d.; 325s. 6d.; 326s. 6d.; 327s. 6d.; 328s. 6d.; 329s. 6d.; 330s. 6d.; 331s. 6d.; 332s. 6d.; 333s. 6d.; 334s. 6d.; 335s. 6d.; 336s. 6d.; 337s. 6d.; 338s. 6d.; 339s. 6d.; 340s. 6d.; 341s. 6d.; 342s. 6d.; 343s. 6d.; 344s. 6d.; 345s. 6d.; 346s. 6d.; 347s. 6d.; 348s. 6d.; 349s. 6d.; 350s. 6d.; 351s. 6d.; 352s. 6d.; 353s. 6d.; 354s. 6d.; 355s. 6d.; 356s. 6d.; 357s. 6d.; 358s. 6d.; 359s. 6d.; 360s. 6d.; 361s. 6d.; 362s. 6d.; 363s. 6d.; 364s. 6d.; 365s. 6d.; 366s. 6d.; 367s. 6d.; 368s. 6d.; 369s. 6d.; 370s. 6d.; 371s. 6d.; 372s. 6d.; 373s. 6d.; 374s. 6d.; 375s. 6d.; 376s. 6d.; 377s. 6d.; 378s. 6d.; 379s. 6d.; 380s. 6d.; 381s. 6d.; 382s. 6d.; 383s. 6d.; 384s. 6d.; 385s. 6d.; 386s. 6d.; 387s. 6d.; 388s. 6d.; 389s. 6d.; 390s. 6d.; 391s. 6d.; 392s. 6d.; 393s. 6d.; 394s. 6d.; 395s. 6d.; 396s. 6d.; 397s. 6d.; 398s. 6d.; 399s. 6d.; 400s. 6d.; 401s. 6d.; 402s. 6d.; 403s. 6d.; 404s. 6d.; 405s. 6d.; 406s. 6d.; 407s. 6d.; 408s. 6d.; 409s. 6d.; 410s. 6d.; 411s. 6d.; 412s. 6d.; 413s. 6d.; 414s. 6d.; 415s. 6d.; 416s. 6d.; 417s. 6d.; 418s. 6d.; 419s. 6d.; 420s. 6d.; 421s. 6d.; 422s. 6d.; 423s. 6d.; 424s. 6d.; 425s. 6d.; 426s. 6d.; 427s. 6d.; 428s. 6d.; 429s. 6d.; 430s. 6d.; 431s. 6d.; 432s. 6d.; 433s. 6d.; 434s. 6d.; 435s. 6d.; 436s. 6d.; 437s. 6d.; 438s. 6d.; 439s. 6d.; 440s. 6d.; 441s. 6d.; 442s. 6d.; 443s. 6d.; 444s. 6d.; 445s. 6d.; 446s. 6d.; 447s. 6d.; 448s. 6d.; 449s. 6d.; 450s. 6d.; 451s. 6d.; 452s. 6d.; 453s. 6d.; 454s. 6d.; 455s. 6d.; 456s. 6d.; 457s. 6d.; 458s. 6d.; 459s. 6d.; 460s. 6d.; 461s. 6d.; 462s. 6d.; 463s. 6d.; 464s. 6d.; 465s. 6d.; 466s. 6d.; 467s. 6d.; 468s. 6d.; 469s. 6d.; 470s. 6d.; 471s. 6d.; 472s. 6d.; 473s. 6d.; 474s. 6d.; 475s. 6d.; 476s. 6d.; 477s. 6d.; 478s. 6d.; 479s. 6d.; 480s. 6d.; 481s. 6d.; 482s. 6d.; 483s. 6d.; 484s. 6d.; 485s. 6d.; 486s. 6d.; 487s. 6d.; 488s. 6d.; 489s. 6d.; 490s. 6d.; 491s. 6d.; 492s. 6d.; 493s. 6d.; 494s. 6d.; 495s. 6d.; 496s. 6d.; 497s. 6d.; 498s. 6d.; 499s. 6d.; 500s. 6d.; 501s. 6d.; 502s. 6d.; 503s. 6d.; 504s. 6d.; 505s. 6d.; 506s. 6d.; 507s. 6d.; 508s. 6d.; 509s. 6d.; 510s. 6d.; 511s. 6d.; 512s. 6d.; 513s. 6d.; 514s. 6d.; 515s. 6d.; 516s. 6d.; 517s. 6d.; 518s. 6d.; 519s. 6d.; 520s. 6d.; 521s. 6d.; 522s. 6d.; 523s. 6d.; 524s. 6d.; 525s. 6d.; 526s. 6d.; 527s. 6d.; 528s. 6d.; 529s. 6d.; 530s. 6d.; 531s. 6d.; 532s. 6d.; 533s. 6d.; 534s. 6d.; 535s. 6d.; 536s. 6d.; 537s. 6d.; 538s. 6d.; 539s. 6d.; 540s. 6d.; 541s. 6d.; 542s. 6d.; 543s. 6d.; 544s. 6d.; 545s. 6d.; 546s. 6d.; 547s. 6d.; 548s. 6d.; 549s. 6d.; 550s. 6d.; 551s. 6d.; 552s. 6d.; 553s. 6d.; 554s. 6d.; 555s. 6d.; 556s. 6d.; 557s. 6d.; 558s. 6d.; 559s. 6d.; 560s. 6d.; 561s. 6d.; 562s. 6d.; 563s. 6d.; 564s. 6d.; 565s. 6d.; 566s. 6d.; 567s. 6d.; 568s. 6d.; 569s. 6d.; 570s. 6d.; 571s. 6d.; 572s. 6d.; 573s. 6d.; 574s. 6d.; 575s. 6d.; 576s. 6d.; 577s. 6d.; 578s. 6d.; 579s. 6d.; 580s. 6d.; 581s. 6d.; 582s. 6d.; 583s. 6d.; 584s. 6d.; 585s. 6d.; 586s. 6d.; 587s. 6d.; 588s. 6d.; 589s. 6d.; 590s. 6d.; 591s. 6d.; 592s. 6d.; 593s. 6d.; 594s. 6d.; 595s. 6d.; 596s. 6d.; 597s. 6d.; 598s. 6d.; 599s. 6d.; 600s. 6d.; 601s. 6d.; 602s. 6d.; 603s. 6d.; 604s. 6d.; 605s. 6d.; 606s. 6d.; 607s. 6d.; 608s. 6d.; 609s. 6d.; 610s. 6d.; 611s. 6d.; 612s. 6d.; 613s. 6d.; 614s. 6d.; 615s. 6d.; 616s. 6d.; 617s. 6d.; 618s. 6d.; 619s. 6d.; 620s. 6d.; 621s. 6d.; 622s. 6d.; 623s. 6d.; 624s. 6d.; 625s. 6d.; 626s. 6d.; 627s. 6d.; 628s. 6d.; 629s. 6d.; 630s. 6d.; 631s. 6d.; 632s. 6d.; 633s. 6d.; 634s. 6d.; 635s. 6d.; 636s. 6d.; 637s. 6d.; 638s. 6d.; 639s. 6d.; 640s. 6d.; 641s. 6d.; 642s. 6d.; 643s. 6d.; 644s. 6d.; 645s. 6d.; 646s. 6d.; 647s. 6d.; 648s. 6d.; 649s. 6d.; 650s. 6d.; 651s. 6d.; 652s. 6d.; 653s. 6d.; 654s. 6d.; 655s. 6d.; 656s. 6d.; 657s. 6d.; 658s. 6d.; 659s. 6d.; 660s. 6d.; 661s. 6d.; 662s. 6d.; 663s. 6d.; 664s. 6d.; 665s. 6d.; 666s. 6d.; 667s. 6d.; 668s. 6d.; 669s. 6d.; 670s. 6d.; 671s. 6d.; 672s. 6d.; 673s. 6d.; 674s. 6d.; 675s. 6d.; 676s. 6d.; 677s. 6d.; 678s. 6d.; 679s. 6d.; 680s. 6d.; 681s. 6d.; 682s. 6d.; 683s. 6d.; 684s. 6d.; 685s. 6d.; 686s. 6d.; 687s. 6d.; 688s. 6d.; 689s. 6d.; 690s. 6d.; 691s. 6d.; 692s. 6d.; 693s. 6d.; 694s. 6d.; 695s. 6d.; 696s. 6d.; 697s. 6d.; 698s. 6d.; 699s. 6d.; 700s. 6d.; 701s. 6d.; 702s. 6d.; 703s. 6d.; 704s. 6d.; 705s. 6d.; 706s. 6d.; 707s. 6d.; 708s. 6d.; 709s. 6d.; 710s. 6d.; 711s. 6d.; 712s. 6d.; 713s. 6d.; 714s. 6d.; 715s. 6d.; 716s. 6d.; 717s. 6d.; 718s. 6d.; 719s. 6d.; 720s. 6d.; 721s. 6d.; 722s. 6d.; 723s. 6d.; 724s. 6d.; 725s. 6d.; 726s. 6d.; 727s. 6d.; 728s. 6d.; 729s. 6d.; 730s. 6d.; 731s. 6d.; 732s. 6d.; 733s. 6d.; 734s. 6d.; 735s. 6d.; 736s. 6d.; 737s. 6d.; 738s. 6d.; 739s. 6d.; 740s. 6d.; 741s. 6d.; 742s. 6d.; 743s. 6d.; 744s. 6d.; 745s. 6d.; 746s. 6d.; 747s. 6d.; 748s. 6d.; 749s. 6d.; 750s. 6d.; 751s. 6d.; 752s. 6d.; 753s. 6d.; 754s. 6d.; 755s. 6d.; 756s. 6d.; 757s. 6d.; 758s. 6d.; 759s. 6d.; 760s. 6d.; 761s. 6d.; 762s. 6d.; 763s. 6d.; 764s. 6d.; 765s. 6d.; 766s. 6d.; 767s. 6d.; 768s. 6d.; 769s. 6d.; 770s. 6d.; 771s. 6d.; 772s. 6d.; 773s. 6d.; 774s. 6d.; 775s. 6d.; 776s. 6d.; 777s. 6d.; 778s. 6d.; 779s. 6d.; 780s. 6d.; 781s. 6d.; 782s. 6d.; 783s. 6d.; 784s. 6d.; 785s. 6d.; 786s. 6d.; 787s. 6d.; 788s. 6d.; 789s. 6d.; 790s. 6d.; 791s. 6d.; 792s. 6d.; 793s. 6d.; 794s. 6d.; 795s. 6d.; 796s. 6d.; 797s. 6d.; 798s. 6d.; 799s. 6d.; 800s. 6d.; 801s. 6d.; 802s. 6d.; 803s. 6d.; 804s. 6d.; 805s. 6d.; 806s. 6d.; 807s. 6d.; 808s. 6d.; 809s. 6d.; 810s. 6d.; 811s. 6d.; 812s. 6d.; 813s. 6d.; 814s. 6d.; 815s. 6d.; 816s. 6d.; 817s. 6d.; 818s. 6d.; 819s. 6d.; 820s. 6d.; 821s. 6d.; 822s. 6d.; 823s. 6d.; 824s. 6d.; 825s. 6d.; 826s. 6d.; 827s. 6d.; 828s. 6d.; 829s. 6d.; 830s. 6d.; 831s. 6d.; 832s. 6d.; 833s. 6d.; 834s. 6d.; 835s. 6d.; 836s. 6d.; 837s. 6d.; 838s. 6d.; 839s. 6d.; 840s. 6d.; 841s. 6d.; 842s. 6d.; 843s. 6d.; 844s. 6d.; 845s. 6d.; 846s. 6d.; 847s. 6d.; 848s. 6d.; 849s. 6d.; 850s. 6d.; 851s. 6d.; 852s. 6d.; 853s. 6d.; 854s. 6d.; 855s. 6d.; 856s. 6d.; 857s. 6d.; 858s. 6d.; 859s. 6d.; 860s. 6d.; 861s. 6d.; 862s. 6d.; 863s. 6d.; 864s. 6d.; 865s. 6d.; 866s. 6d.; 867s. 6d.; 868s. 6d.; 869s. 6d.; 870s. 6d.; 871s. 6d.; 872s. 6d.; 873s. 6d.; 874s. 6d.; 875s. 6d.; 876s. 6d.; 877s. 6d.; 878s. 6d.; 879s. 6d.; 880s. 6d.; 881s. 6d.; 882s. 6d.; 883s. 6d.; 884s. 6d.; 885s. 6d.; 886s. 6d.; 887s. 6d.; 888s. 6d.; 889s. 6d.; 890s. 6d.; 891s. 6d.; 892s. 6d.; 893s. 6d.; 894s. 6d.; 895s. 6d.; 896s. 6d.; 897s. 6d.; 898s. 6d.; 899s. 6d.; 900s. 6d.; 901s. 6d.; 902s



# "NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE-BILE BEANS."

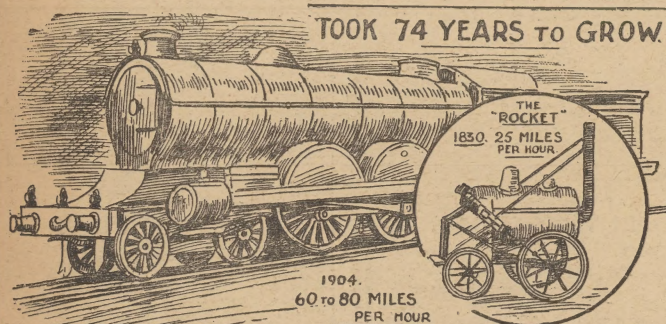
(NEW PROVERB)

## WONDERFUL GROWTH OF A BUSINESS

### SOME INTERESTING CONTRASTS.

EVERYBODY knows that Bile Beans are to-day the most widely used family medicine.

Few people fully appreciate the rapid growth of this wonderful business, due entirely to the great merit of Bile Beans as a household medicine. You appreciate it only by comparison



TOOK 74 YEARS TO GROW.

with the growth of other businesses. The pictures will help you.

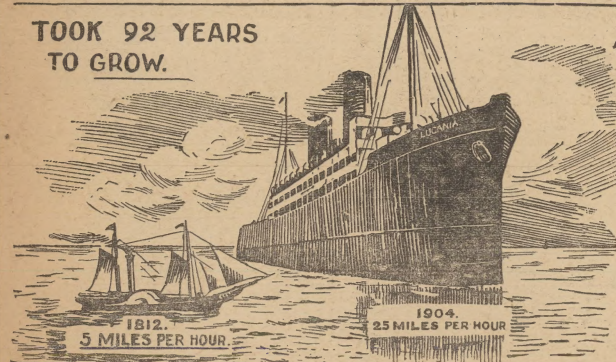
In 1830, George Stephenson's "Rocket" pulled passengers along at twenty-five miles an hour. This was a greater speed than the stage-coach, but people demanded more. They have been getting more speed ever since; but to build up the modern railway business has taken seventy-five years!

The first steamship was built in 1812, and could steam five miles an hour in smooth water. The "Lucania" to-day can do twenty-five miles an hour in the open ocean. Last May a fast liner left New York carrying 380 first-class and 187 second-class passengers. The following day another liner about as big, but not so fast, left dock. She carried 140 first-class and 160 second-class passengers. Note the figures. People will have the best. The fastest liners to-day command the business, but it has taken ninety-two years to build it up.

Now look the wonderful growth of Bile Beans. At the end of 1899 Bile Beans were introduced into England from Australia—the wonderful land of gold—as the finest known cure for headache, constipation, and all liver and digestive ailments. People tried them and demanded more. At the end of 1900 the demand was still greater, and the daily consumption reached the sensational figure of 60,000 doses. At the end of 1904—only five years after their introduction—the demand for Bile Beans was so great that over 750,000 doses were taken daily—more than twelve

times the quantity used during the first year. This is without doubt a wonderful tribute from the public to the value of this household medicine.

A popular journal recently asked the chemists and druggists of Great Britain which was the best selling ailment-name medicine. The decision was given in favour—not of any fifty-year-old medicine, but in favour of Bile Beans! People will have the best.

TOOK 92 YEARS  
TO GROW.

## A FEW REASONS WHY BILE BEANS ARE SO SUCCESSFUL.

Because they are the best. People will have them. They are best because they are purely vegetable. Best because they are the product of modern scientific research. Best because they act upon stomach and liver, and prompt those organs to fulfil their natural functions. Best because by so doing they strengthen the organs and do not make medicine-taking become a necessity. Best because they contain no trace of the mineral poisons found in most liver medicines. Best because they are made in the finest-equipped laboratories in the world. Best because they are compounded from the finest known medicinal roots and herbs, are mild in action, yet always effective, are suitable for the most delicate invalid, are convenient to take, are not too expensive for the working man and woman, are the best family medicine—AND THEY CURE.

That well-known scientific journal, "Science Siftings," says of them: "We have satisfied ourselves that Bile Beans are purely vegetable. . . . They relieve constipation without causing after-constipation. . . . Cause no griping. . . . Relieve flatulence, sick headache, and biliousness, and are an excellent family medicine."

## WHAT BILE BEANS CURE.

BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS are the finest family medicine, and a certain cure for Headache, Constipation, Piles, Colds, Liver Chill, Indigestion, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Liver Troubles, Bad Breath, Indigestion, Palpitation, Loss of Appetite, Flatulence, Dizziness, Buzzing in the Head, Debility, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Anæmia, and all Female Ailments. Of all Medicine Vendors, 1/1½, or large family size, 2/9 per box (2/9 size contains three times quantity 1/1½ size). Bile Beans are put up in sealed boxes only, NEVER SOLD LOOSE.

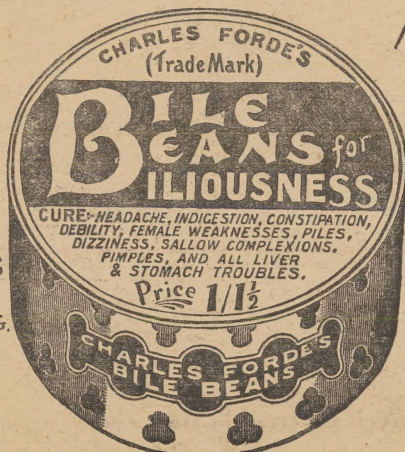
## MEDICAL ADVICE FREE.

The Proprietors have engaged a fully qualified staff to give FREE MEDICAL ADVICE to all who desire same. Apply in writing, stating full particulars of symptoms, age, and sex, to Bile Bean Co., Leeds. Mark your letter "MEDICAL," and it will receive prompt attention, and be kept strictly private.

## WRITE TO-DAY FOR FREE SAMPLE BOX.

### COUPON.

Are you desirous of testing Bile Beans Free of Cost? If so, send this Coupon, name and address, and 1d. stamp (to cover return postage), to the Bile Bean Company, Leeds, and you will receive a Free Sample Box of Bile Beans. ["Daily Mirror," 13/1/05.]

DAILY CONSUMPTION,  
1899.TOOK 5 YEARS  
ONLY—&  
STILL GROWING.

DAILY CONSUMPTION, 1904.